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THE

REGAL RAMBLER;

OR,

ECCENTRICAL ADVENTURES

OF

The Devil in London:

WITH

THE MANŒUVRES OF HIS MINISTERS,

TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

*Translated from the Syriack MS. of RABBI SOLOMON, recently found
in the Foundation of the HEBREW SYNAGOGUE.*

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee.—How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning? How art thou cut down to the ground who didst weaken the Nations!—Is this the Man that made the earth to tremble, who did shake kingdoms—who made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof.

ISAIAH.

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M.DCC.XCIII.



T H E

EDITOR TO THE READER.

A CERTAIN learned antiquarian lately presented me a curious manuscript, in a language but little known by the modern *literati*. He informed me, that he had discovered it under a subterraneous arch adjoining the celebrated Synagogue in *Duke's Place*, which happily escaped the devouring flames of the recent conflagration, at the east end of the metropolis.

THOUGH his demand for the copy right of this rarity was rather exorbitant, I did not hesitate a moment in agreeing to his terms, provided he would pour it as decently into English, as the idioms of the languages would admit.

DURING our deliberation, I cast my eye upon the famous *Father in Israel Rabbi Levi*, (author of the *Hebrew Lexicon*, and the learned leveller of *Dr. Priestly*,) who at that instant was passing by on the other side. As I knew he was as deaf as a door-nail, I beckoned to him, and he came over. Before he

fat down he placed his bundle of *old hats* on the side-board, and the antiquarian shewed him the MS. After having wetted both his eyes with two bumpers of Burgundy, he wiped his spectacles, faddled his far projecting gnomon, and then stared us full in our faces alternately for the space of ten minutes. It appears that this *lexicographer* is a kind of conjuror, and an adept in the abstruse science of *physiognomy*, and it is probable that he was employed during that time in observing the emotions of our minds as to money matters. He next ran over the folios in form, and then, as the poet says, "Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile."

LET us remember, said my friend the antiquarian, that we are in the immediate presence of a most puissant prince of the tribe of *Judah*, even the *second David* who knocked down our great *Goliath* with the pinions of a grey goose, and the weapons of *Woolston*. Know we also that he is a profound critic, and a rigid reviewer of *whims*, *dreams*, *riddles*, *romances*, *enigmas*, *tales of ghosts*, *hobgoblins*, and so forth.—He is not only calculated, continued my friend, for the meridian of *Rosemary*, in translating *old hats* into a modern mode, but likewise endowed with the gift of translating the oriental languages, for the benefit of *Israel Abraham G——G——*, the noble proselyte, during his *Babylonish captivity*.

RESOLVING to have recourse to means the most powerful to procure his approbation, (not being quite unused to the reviewers) I slipped into his Hebrew hand

hand a piece of money, bearing the image and superscription of George the Third, whom heaven long preserve; it acted quicker than electricity, his countenance was immediately changed, and he swore (after quaffing another glass) by the rod of the son of *Amram*, that the REGAL RAMBLER would do—as *sure as the Devil is in London*.

MY FRIEND, elated with the success of such a sanction, implored the Rabbi to receive the work, in order to prepare it for the press, but the *critic* declined the translation, on the score of his having more work upon his hands, than he could well dispatch; declaring that he was engaged in penning an *Arabic poem* on the murder of the unhappy Louis XVI. and a Hebrew epithalamium on the captive king of the Jews.

SEEING my friend the virtuosi rather chagrined by the answer of this *oracle*, I held out my hand to recover the cash, but he returned only the MS. and assured us that a friend of his, who generally was to be found sitting under the dial at the *Three Tuns* in Jury-Street, would readily undertake the task, and do justice the most ample in the translation.

WE adjourned to the Tuns, and were politely received by the *little landlady*, who, as the deaf Rabbi informed us, is a worthy widow, whose wit and wine are well calculated to inspire the heart of man with cheerfulness. The *learned David* called for a bottle of the best blood of the grape, which being brought

by *Ned* the waiter, he filled up the glasses, and drank to the widow; wishing her happy in a third help-mate; and just as the widow's wish was going round, in came *Rabbi Benjamin*, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, with his son *Solomon*, a very brisk youth, and as ready a writer as ever copied the *Pentateuch*.

I NOW embraced the opportunity of putting the MS. into the hands of this Rabbi whom my friend, and the *hat critic* recommended as able to translate the sealed book. He looked on the last leaf for the title-page, and declared that the book contained an ancient prophecy, foretelling all the events of the present æra with the same ease as if they had been present to the view of the author; who, he believed, must have lived, according to the complexion of the Syriack characters, many centuries ago, and perhaps before the destruction of the holy city by *Titus*.

I QUICKLY agreed with this Hebrew, to complete the work, which he did, by the assistance of his son, in about seven sittings, at the Tuns under the auspices of the fair landlady, and the influence of her good wine. I next employed an amanuensis to copy the translation seven times, and then deposited the great original in the *British Museum*.

ONE of these MS. copies I dispatched to the king at Windsor; not doubting but that it would meet his royal approbation, and find an illustrious place in his famous library at the Queen's palace. Another was sent to his eldest son the future joy of Britons. One was presented

presented to the premier, as being well able to discover its utility at this important period. The fourth was left for the late Lord Chancellor; the fifth fell to the lot of the venerable late earl Mansfield, to entertain his lordship in his extreme old age; the sixth I have presented to lord Loughborough knowing his lordship to be as fond of every real ancient production as some are of *modern antiques*; and the seventh belongs to the bookseller whose name is prefixed to the title-page, and who thus throws it upon the patronage and protection of a candid public; hoping to meet a generous approbation in every loyal subject of the best government in the world, at this critical and important period.

ERRATA,

- P. 18 for *caisse*, read *golden calf*.
P. 24 for *imperial*, read *empyreal*.
P. 77 for *King* read *Cardinal*.

THE
REGAL RAMBLER,
OR
THE DEVIL IN LONDON.

CHAP. I.

Cause of Lucifer's Ascent — The Albion Mills — Wesley — Chambers in the Temple — Lucifer's ministry — The tall Taylor — House of Commons — Lucifer and Eliza — The Hero turns Coachman — overturns the Carriage.

A L A T E famous-reverend republican calculator having in a sermon anticipated the approach of the grand *Millenium*, a rumour arose in the regions of *Pandæmonium*, that the period was actually arrived, at which *Lucifer* was about to be bound for a thousand years. His majesty of the lower world called a council, in which, after some deliberation, it was unanimously decreed, that he himself should return in person, attended by a select party of his royal *Divan*, to London, his former residence, the great metropolis of England, in order to undeceive

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the world relative to the above rumour, so injurious to the dignity and interest of his infernal kingdom.

EVERY necessary preparation being made for the arduous journey, Lucifer with his train passed through the great infernal gate, entered into the regions of *chaos*, and, after many tedious steps over the marvellous bridge, the superb fabric of his dear daughter, arrived at the realms of light. From the summit of the atmosphere his Royal Highness surveyed the several kingdoms of the world, and soon discovered that the promised period of peace was yet far off. Exulting in his pride, and yet calling provinces innumerable all his own, he plunged into the yielding air, and in a terrible tempest arrived in sight of the great city, exactly at cock crowing in the morning of March the second, 1791.

THE REGAL RAMBLER, with his *Ministers*, (whose names and characters will hereafter be blazoned) perched upon the *Albion Mills*, near the bridge of Blackfriars, and, shaking his gorgeous garment, instantly set the whole building in a blaze, and marred the motion of the curious machinery. By the light of this flame he crossed the river, and in his way met the guardian seraph who that moment was conducting the departing soul of *John Wesley* to the realms of felicity. Lucifer looked back, and lamented, that he had just formed a chariot of fire to convey his arch enemy to heaven.

JUST as he had landed in London, the great bell of St. Paul's began to toll, when the Regal Rambler proposed to his prime minister, *Oliver Cromwell*, that they should attend prayers. This the premier strenuously opposed, not only on the ground that their petition for success would be disregarded, but chiefly, that the form was not agreeable to the republican churches. Lucifer was obliged to obey the motion of his minister; nor was he the first powerful prince in the world who found himself in the predicament of yielding to *Oliver*.

OUR hero, soon after his arrival, hired a suite of commodious chambers in the *Inner Temple*, as the most central situation to carry on his important operations; well knowing, that certain of his sons of the long robe were ever ready to aid his machinations amidst the millions of the metropolis. In contemplation of the acquirement of many friends from every quarter to which he cast his eye, he separated six inferior servants, (reserving *Cromwell* as his constant companion) as follows: *Pym* was ordered to preside over the republicans in P———t; *Bradshaw* was to hold himself in readiness in the rising army of regicides, here or on the continent; *Cade* was dispatched to his native land *Hibernia*, to sow the seeds of sedition amongst the boys of *Dublin*; *Tyler* was ordained to do the business of democracy, by heading all the levellers in London, and its environs, and *Becket* and *Woolsey* were jointly charged with the care of the clergy in general, especially the high minded dignitaries. Such they were strictly

injoined to inflate with pride, vain glory, and a supreme love of this life, without in the least regarding the concerns of the world to come.

THESE preliminary affairs being thus settled, Lucifer, and his minister Oliver began their adventures, first making their appearance upon the Exchange, in the character of Amsterdam merchants, and obtaining credit of several respectable citizens to a considerable amount in goods, which, in order to save freightage, they deposited in a great auction-room, where they were sold by Lucifer himself, in the character of the good alderman, Oliver being the principal puffer.

THUS happily accommodated with the ready *root of all evil*, our hero employed the tall taylor at the *Cock and Magpie*, who made him and his Premier a superb suit; taking special care to use them *kindly* as strangers—by charging double the price of a fair dealer. But Lucifer was not to be cheated by this cabbaging son of a cucumber; for he ordered him to take measure of all the rest of his agents. The fellow performed the job, and Lucifer paid him ready money of the coinage of *Mammon*; which he may keep, to pass—when he arrives among his cross-legged brethren in the infernal ward prepared for extortioners.

OUR hero now made his first appearance at court, and was well received as a French Compté lately fled from the impending destruction of aristocracy. The minister also received him with much politeness at
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his levee, and he daily grew in favour with the greatest men at the helm. Nay it is affirmed by some, that he so insinuated himself into the good graces of the late Lord Chancellor, during his lordship's visitation of the gout, that he obtained the promise of a lucrative place in the law department: but about this time his lordship's brother the bishop dying, our hero wishfully looked on the *dun cow* of the north, as well worth a thousand of even the fat kine which Pharaoh beheld in his dream; so that our hero declined the original offer, having an intention to qualify himself for the sacerdotal office.

HOWEVER, he was diverted from a pursuit so congenial to his mind, by having frequent intercourse with the republican societies established for the reform of the revered constitutions of England. Oliver urged him on to embrace their principles, hoping again to behold the land covered with confusion and desolation. Sometimes he attended the house of commons, and had the happiness to hear certain of his own orations, composed during the days in the last century when he was a member of parliament, delivered with a grace which even a *Garrick* could not equal, and a dignity which *Cicero* or *Demosthenes* never were masters of.

It was at this period when Lucifer first felt the effects of the tender passion of love. Being at court one Levee day, he cast his eye on the fair *Eliza*, a young wanton widow, though usually ycleped a *maid of honour*. He bowed to her amidst the noble circle,
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at which she blushed and smiled with ineffable delight. Our hero snatched her hand, and led her to her carriage, which was of the most curious construction. He begged the favour of her address; she intreated him to accompany her to Covent-garden play-house, —You do me infinite honour, madam.—He lifted up the lady and followed her, but Jehu the coachman, a sad inebriated dog, was at the ale-house, and the footman was not to be found. Lucifer beckoned to his prime minister to mount the box, which he instantly did, and drove them to the lady's superb mansion in one of the squares.

To be brief, after dinner and certain *innocent dalliances*, they agreed to go to the play. Jehu and the footman had found their way home, and the lady by that time had forgot their absence at court. Oliver resigned the reins to Coachy, and mounted behind along with John. The comedy was *a Bold Stroke for a Wife*, and the farce *the Devil to Pay*, both which afforded much pleasure to our enamoured couple, as often as they were disengaged from anticipating their future felicity.

Our courting couple returned to the piazza, where Jehu and John were not waiting, and Oliver had withdrawn with them to the Lord knows where. Lucifer observing the charming Eliza rather a little embarrassed, handed her into the vehicle and mounted the box immediately himself. Just as his lordship was about to smack the whip, two young gentlemen of the blade accosted the fair-one with—"Just in time, Madam; we have

have been at the other house, and met rare entertainment from Harlequin."—Without farther ceremony they opened the door and seated themselves fronting the lady, crying drive on, Coachman!

LUCIFER obeyed, though consumedly chagrined at the conduct of his lover, and drove on with an unparalleled impetuosity all the way to the gate commonly called Temple Bar; at which place the carriage was overturned, and wheels, glasses, and pannels were all smashed upon the pavement. Down jumped our hero from the box before the completion of the catastrophe, felicitating himself on the happy occasion of having obtained ample amends for the temerity of his rivals, and the duplicity of Eliza, whom he yet determined to obtain.

THE lady's right arm was much dislocated, and the bucks were sadly bruised. The footman and Jehu returned home the next morning not quite sober from the watch-house, where they had found an asylum; the former was turned away without wages or warning, and the latter was recommended by the *second Sampson* to an airy situation in Tothil-fields, which is called Bridewell, even to this day. We may here observe an apt application of two old proverbs;—*they run fast whom the Devil drives,*—and *the Devil drives all his hogs to a bad market.*

C H A P. II.

Our Hero visits Dr. Price—St. Paul's—bows to the Bishop—Discourse at Kelly's—Dr. P——y—Lucifer in the Phial—the burning of Birmingham—Lucinda—the Hand-bill, &c.

IN the first month after our hero's exodus from the shades below, he resolved to visit the great republican preacher, who had raised the report of the grand jubilee's commencement. For this purpose he procured a suit of sable, and habited himself in the simple dress of a presbyterian minister from Scotland. Cromwell, who attended our hero to Hackney, personated one of the national assembly of France, come over to obtain the advice of the friends of freedom in England. The Doctor received them both with much affability and politeness, and urged them to continue at his house, and honour him with their good company a few days.

THE reverend divine next shewed his visitors all his curiosities, such as his sermons and essays on *liberty and revolutions*, and the *golden box* (or *caisse*) presented him by the city with its freedom. Lucifer then took an opportunity of descanting on the infinite service the Doctor's *labours of love*, had done to the glorious cause, in the dismemberment of America, and by giving birth to the revolutions of France; hoping that the whole world would shortly follow the example of so glorious a cloud of witnesses.

YES,

YES, YES, cried Oliver, the decree is gone forth, the fire is kindled, and behold it shall spread over all Europe; nor shall it cease to blaze until *monarchy* be demolished, and all mankind be levelled; when *lords* and *kings*, as Dr. Watts sweetly sings, *shall be no more!*

THE good Doctor next proposed to shew our adventurers the rarities of London, and first to visit St. Paul's. They accordingly rode in the stage as far as the Marlborough in Bishopsgate-street, and then walked on to Paternoster-row. In the passage which leads to the north gate of the cathedral they refreshed themselves at the *King's Head*, on the motion of Oliver, who declared his satisfaction at beholding *such a sign*. They were very hospitably entertained by the good landlord, whose mulled wine recruited their spirits. The Doctor suffered not the good nature of their host to pass unnoticed, observing that he must have read the exhortation of St. Paul to the Hebrews; *see that ye be kind to strangers, for by so being some have entertained ANGELS unawares.*

A SPRUCE pragmatical old *Argent* verger of the church to which they were going, over-hearing their intention, offered his service to accommodate our hero with a conspicuous stall, where he might behold the bishop, dean, and the whole choir to advantage. Accordingly our adventurers followed him up the steps, and were led into the choir.

In their way Lucifer asked Cromwell if he wished to be *curfed* by their veteran conductor during the service? if you do, continued our hero, play with a piece of money between your finger and thumb, and the sordid son of Simony will eye the piece with eager anticipation; then the moment we are ushered into the stall, return the shining bauble into your pocket, and make the r——l a low bow, before you *say grace* behind your hat.

WHEN the organ struck up, the Doctor whispered our hero — have you got in all Scotland, such an instrument? No, replied Lucifer, for we would deem such to be the *bagpipes* of the *bawd of Babylon*, and all the chaunting the singing of a *cage of unclean birds*.

At the end of the service our strangers had the honour of a bow from the bishop. Indeed his lordship could not have done less had he even known our hero, from a principle of gratitude; for as a certain Calvinist once said, “ In the first chapter of Genesis, among the whole works of creation you cannot find a bishop; and if man had never fallen, we should never have heard of one to all eternity.”

THE Doctor now pressed his companions to see the whispering gallery, the great bell, geometrical stair-case, library, and the summit of the spacious

spacious dome. All these they severally beheld, and then returned to the King's Head, and drank a bottle of port with the landlord, sending for a couple of pigeon-pies from the shop of *V——n* the pastry-cook, common-councilman, and terrible in the train bands, as an army with banners.

WELL, my Caledonian companion, said the Doctor, do you suppose that *St. Paul* ever preached in such a magnificent cathedral? Yes, replied Lucifer when he was at *Athens*, and also when he fought with *beasts* in the great theatre at *Ephesus*; but, to say the truth, I verily believe, were he to come to London, and offer to preach in his own church, the pulpit would not be set open to him by our friend the lame verger. He would either be obliged to preach in his own *hired house*, as he formerly did at *Rome*, or slide in among the Methodists, who to a man would embrace his doctrines.

THE remainder of the discourse turned upon *Romaine* on the *Revelation*; in which the Doctor observed, that not a word had dropped from that preacher in mention of the *Millenium*. But the glorious period is approaching — it is at hand—it is here! All the world will soon be free, and Lucifer alone be bound for a thousand years!

OUR hero observing the argument of the good Doctor rather levelled at him, though unknown, paid the reckoning, and very abruptly took leave of the company, and never again beheld that venerable friend of freedom. The Doctor a few days after was seized by one of death's messenger's, who carried him off the stage before the end of the next month. His funeral was honoured with the company of a vast number of great men, and the procession of coaches from Hackney to Bunhill-fields, was superb and numerous. We need not inform the reader, that our hero and his minister made part of the grand procession, nor say they attended the funeral sermon the following Sunday. Our hero was peculiarly pleased with the preacher, and from that time strove to cultivate an intimacy with so great a philosopher and theologist, although he differed from him in certain principles of both systems.

LUCIFER, having consigned the management of his affairs in London to his minister, took a trip into the more central counties of England. In Warwickshire he visited his new friend the reverend philosopher, who imitated the good king of Judah, *Hezekiah*, in shewing the whole of his laboratory, and experimental apparatus.

As they were discoursing one day, (for our adventurer staid a full week with this son of science) on *matter* and *spirit*, whilst the doctor was elucidating

cidating his doctrine by working a marvellous machine, in came Sir *Joseph Butterfly*, attended by his man *Mat Maggot*, bearing a bundle of bottles tightly corked, all filled with the rarified æther found on the summit of the *Alps*, *Mount Teneriffe*, the *Andees*, *Cheviot*, and other proud cloud-cap'd eminences.

THESE phials being placed on the table, the philosophers applied their telescopes, and could clearly observe many men in miniature dancing like so many fishes in a pond; flying off and returning with all the wanton vagaries of witches on a heath under the glympses of the moon. Sir Joseph pulled out another glass, superior to the rest in magnitude, and again peeped like a *jackdaw* into a milk-pot. Presently he arose to rapture, and even alarmed Lucifer, who had found an opportunity of jumping into another bottle which stood on the board. "I have found her! I have found her at last," exclaimed the *virtuosi*. The Doctor stared, and looked eagerly through his tube. Behold, behold here the beauty of the world! the queen of *Sheba*, come to see the wisdom of Solomon, and behold!—

HERE our hero sprang out of the phial, and stood on the floor in the shape of a fine lady, a second *Venus* gorgeously arrayed in a dress superior to all the moderns. The philosophers
almost

almost petrified at the appearance of one endowed with such consummate beauty, symmetry, and gracefulness, dropped their tubes, and lo! the vision was no more. Not a wreck of the fair one was left behind but the ragged remains of a *nightrail*, and a sable *zone* suspended by a nail in the wainscoting.

THE two philosophers, instantly resumed their instruments of vision—but all in vain—the beauty was fled for ever!—During their extreme perturbation, Lucifer leaped unseen into the biggest bottle, and began to move his *glass Bastile* in wild vagaries round the table—somewhat like the devil among the taylor's, until the whole curious collection of imperial air was thrown into desolation,—the table being overturned.

So it was a few weeks ago in *Whitechapel-market* on a Sunday. *Lucinda*, a lady of quality, who brought home all the airs of Paris, was walking with dignity and ease beneath the penthouse. The city dames, the beauties of Billingsgate, and all the boys and beaus of Aldgate wondered at the graceful mien of the delightful damsel, when on a sudden Lucifer, in the form of a *flesh-hook*, hung half a foot lower than the rest, caught the beauty's high head-dress, holding it suspended till the mob, who discovered the disaster long before the lady, surrounded the place, and raised a hurley burley,

burley, which resembled hell itself in the wildest uproar.

LUCIFER beholding the two great connoisseurs in the most pitiable plight, took French leave, and left them to finish their philosophical experiments in the best way they could. He returned to London in a few days, not having quite completed his project in the country, and was admitted a member in a certain society, which looked upon the revolutions in France as perfect models for its imitation.

HERE our hero found that Old Noll, his prime projector, had performed wonders in Westminster, and discovered that the labours of his other emissaries were in a hopeful progression to the point which he had for ever in view. Commotions, tumults, broils, and new breathings for the phantom of freedom, were beginning to blossom, and fate seemed big with some great event. Again he assembled his privy-council in the Temple, and it was agreed that he should return to Warwickshire, accompanied by Oliver and Wat Tyler.

THE Regal Rambler, with the above agents, took places in the stage, to *Birmingham*, in order to be present at the grand anniversary of the French first revolution, the 14th of July, when the *little hell*, called the *Bastile*, was hurled to destruction.

struction. On their arrival, Lucifer drew up a most inflammatory hand-bill, and ordered Oliver to get it printed and published. Wat Tyler was charged to head the rabble, who naturally would assemble on so auspicious an occasion, and so to lead on the mob at midnight, to kindle a flame for the honour of the *church* and *king*, amidst the meetings and dwellings of the dissenters. Let the *parole* be, said the chieftain, "the church is in danger," as it was in the days of *Sacheverelle*, and I have no doubt but we shall prove as happy in our manœuvres as in the riots of *L— G—— G——*, who now is circumcised, and called by the new name of *Israel Abraham*.

THE furious hand-bill came from the press *bissing hot*, like the fiery balls projected from the rock of *Calope*. Nor did it miss its way by envious winds; for, lo, the whole town was instantly alarmed as by the cry of fire. A terrible tumult took place before the tavern where the Revolution Society sat, and its members flew away on the wings of the rising whirlwind. Dismay seized the dissenters. The methodists remained unmolested, for they also were of the church *triumphant*.

Now behold all the implements of the artizans ceased from labour, and enjoyed a profound Sabbath. No more the bellows blow in the furnace; the hammer ceases its motion, the anvil its found, and the file forgets its harsh music; the shops

shops no longer are crowded with customers, the day-lights are darkened, and a general jubilee universally reigns in Birmingham.

LUCIFER beheld the blaze and blessed the beloved light. Meeting-houses and mansions mingled in the grand conflagration; nor did the non-conforming foes to bishops, deans, and golden dignities, whose dwellings were scattered in the villages around, escape the fury of the enraged rabble. The flames spread abroad in the neighbouring counties; and even the hall of *Hagley* hardly was saved from fire, during the reign of the true churchmen. King and church composed the *Shibboleth* of those sons of riot who carried their cruel rage against *Dr. Priestley*. They rushed forth like a furious flood to *Fairy-hill*, and demanded the Doctor, who happily had fled before the arrival of the incendiaries.—The demons demolished his dwelling, burnt his manuscripts, and machinery, and all his philosophy that day perished—like *Korah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*!

OUR hero certainly would have sought to save the curious MSS. and peerless apparatus of his philosopher and friend, had not the *destroying angel* been gone forth. Wat Tyler commanded that part of the mob, and none, but a *Sir William Walworth* from the dead, again could have employed the bloody dagger to derange the designs of that son of sedition. These were the

good protestants of Birmingham, who only knew a church by its having a steeple and bells. Certain of such incendiaries bound themselves with a curse, that they would not earn another mite, or empty a mug, till they had cut the Doctor to atoms.

THUS led on by Lucifer, whilst Tyler and his terrible train took the diversion of casting abroad fire-brands, arrows, and death, crying, are we not in sport? they found, on the arrival of the light-horse, the scene suddenly changed. Though in the midst of their mirth, the mad multitude had demolished the dungeons, and opened the prisons, the hand of justice caught several of them, and carried them captive. Lucifer saw several of his sons suffer under the fatal tree, and then considered his plan completed in those parts.

FROM these scenes of confusion, our hero, with his two agents, removed to *Weymouth*, with intent to observe the motion of the monarch: but it appears that all his attempts were deranged, and the virtuous father of his people remained invulnerable to all the machinations of his enemies.

THE Rambler returning to London, beheld his hand-bill published by the highest authority in the Gazette, with the offer of a reward of one hundred pounds for the discovery of the incendiary
diary

diary writer. Many were the conjectures of the politicians of the day concerning its origin. Some said it was the production of the Doctor who was the chief sufferer; others thought that it probably might spring from the brain of Lord G—— the Jew, who commenced the days of his captivity in that town; a third sort were confident that it was written by a ministerial hireling, to cast an odium on the Society of Revolutionists, and many other different notions relative to that bill were broached by the sages, but none of them all, learned or illiterate, bond or free, ministerial or antimonarchical, ever for a moment imagined, that the author was no less a personage than LUCIFER in LONDON.

* * IN the Syriac MS. at the end of this chapter, appears a passage, which, as St. Paul says on another occasion, *it is not lawful to utter*. It is touching the *King* and *Peter Pindar* at Weymouth; *Whitebread's Brew-house*,—Analysis of the *Loufiad*—*Eaton College*, &c. &c. That is followed by the story of Mrs. *Fanny Flagel*, and her horned husband, with the amours of *Tommy Waddle* and the wanton widow of *Walbrook*. Then follows the tale of young *Tommy Spectacle*, who found, courted and kissed, in spectacles, the beauty of *Walworth*, whom he never yet beheld but through the medium of *glasses*. He was wedded, bedded, &c. in *spectacles*; he prays that he may die, and arise from the dead in *spectacles*,

and if he should be ——— with his gnomon so ornamented—he will be the first———***. The reader is referred to the high shelf in the British Museum, where the original is deposited.

C H A P. III.

Burke — Payne — F——t— Firebrand — Lucifer becomes Scribe to the Incendiary Writer—Mends the original MS.—Scene of a Political Play—Publications—Readers—Great alarmed—Proclamations—Addressees—Booksellers.

DURING the recess of parliament, a certain celebrated member — not immutable, but somewhat resembling the *remembrancer* of St. Peter on the pinnacle of the temple, growing weary of well-doing and warring against the Minister, produced a pamphlet on the revolutions in a neighbouring nation, at which all the world wondered.

THIS marvellous work instantly alarmed the whole of the republican hive of hornets, who beset the Hibernian orator, stung him with incredible success, and infinitely farther would have carried

carried their fury, had he not fled for safety to the city of refuge, and sheltered himself under the wings of *William* the minister, on whose side he engaged to war as long as his tongue should last or skill remained in his right hand, to wield a grey-goose pinion.

THE reader must also know, that there lived in those days a certain ready writer, whom we shall here call *Tommy Tinder*; who, resolving to convey great *Paiyne* to the friends of Monarchy, and raise a commotion in the country, proposed to wage war against the king and constitution; like *Sampson*, laying hold of the *two main pillars* of the state, to remove them from their firm foundation, and thereby push down the ancient fabric, even at the hazard of perishing in the execution.

TOMMY had many abettors in this hopeful enterprise, but none of greater zeal and resolution than a little limb of the law, one of the worms of Westminster-hall, whom we here use the freedom to *anabaptise* by the *venerable* name of his great progenitor — *Jack Straw*. This genius, and one *Captain Firebrand*, a publisher, composed, a triumvirate, and advertised for a youth of brilliant parts and good morals to assist as an amanuensis.

LUCIFER, one morning arguing with the political disputants at the *Chapter* in the Row, cast his

his eye upon the advertisement, and resolved to try his fortune with Straw the attorney, to whom the paper referred the enquirer. Home he walked to his chambers, called a council, and gained the consent of his ministers. He assumed the character of a tall Caledonian, named *Sandy*: pleasant in countenance, and plain in attire. Straw, from the moment he beheld our hero, was prodigiously prepossessed in his favour, and it was agreed, that he should go home to his house, in order to receive the rudiments of the law profession. Mrs. Straw, who is a lady of fine sentiment and tender feeling, looked at the lad, the moment he entered her house, with the highest prediction in his favour, and being moved by a spirit of *auguring* at certain seasons, soon declared the destiny of our hero highly in his favour, by uttering her prophecy in rhyme :

STRIVE hopeful youth, with all thy skill
At desk and dinner to be handy;
Flourish thy fork, and drive thy quill,—
So shalt thou prove a *second Sandy*.

See fate stand waiting from afar,
T' adorn thee with a *coif* and *bandy*;
'Gainst *Billy Pitt* declare the war,
And he'll make thee a *second Sandy*.

Only be bent to change thy side,
And drop thy words like sugar candy,
And thou shalt prove thy premier's pride,
To hold the seals, A *second Sandy*!

WHAT

WHAT the Devil, dame, exclaimed Straw, are you going to make the boy a lord Chancellor, before he sits down to study Burne, Blackstone, and so forth? It is true he will not be the first stripling who has come from the North without shirt, shoes and breeches—money or marbles, as the old saying is, yet who afterwards has filled the highest departments in the law and gospel.—Then turning to Lucifer, and altering his tone, he vociferated—What are your political principles, my lad? for as to your religious opinions I suppose they are presbyterian, are they?

YES, Sir, replied Lucifer with a graceful modesty, I am a *Cameronian* by religion; and a regal leveller in my political creed; I account kings, lords, bishops, deans and dignitaries to be all antichristian sons of the big bawd of Babylon.—Begin my good boy, to copy this MS. replied Straw, for, d—— me, thou art a lad after my own heart!

THIS manuscript was none other than the celebrated *Rights of Man*, by Tommy Tinder, in answer to the famous *Edmund of St. Omers*, whom our hero, in joint commiseration for the falling of Old Mother Church, had secretly assisted in his lucubrations. He looked over the production of Tinder with a critical though not a censorious eye, and resolved, without asking leave of the author, to alter, amend, enliven and correct, agreeable

to his inclination. Upon the whole, when he had put *finis* to the book, it appeared to be a new work, perfectly to the purpose, and no more the production of Tommy Tinder, but the labour of Lucifer in London.

It happened at this time that Tommy was gone a long journey, having taken with him a bag of money, and promised his printer to be home on a day appointed; intimating, that his good friend, Mr. John Straw, was preparing the manuscript for the press with all possible expedition.

It also came to pass at this period, that the new master of our hero, having the highest confidence in the fidelity of his amanuensis, had taken a ride to Margate to shew his prophetic spouse that famous watering place: but previous to his setting out he had sent the copy to the printer, without examining the same, or comparing it with the original of his republican friend.—Indeed it must be owned, he requested Captain Firebrand to correct the proofs, but this military man having other work to perform, prayed a certain *ex-jesuite* — the quondam high priest of Brentford, to read the sheets. This great political parson, having never beheld the original MS. suffered the whole to be wrought off—just as the *Devil* would have it, — exactly from the copy of our pleased amanuensis.

THE first part of the Rights of Tommy Tinder was just published when he returned to London, and read the book at the Chapter Coffee-house, where Lucifer and his minister at that instant were reading the papers. Tinder had not read five pages before his face was red like a Turkey-cock's gills, or the rosy cheeks of *Betty Brandyface*, the bawd of Bermondsey, at a baptism, amidst the gigling gossips. Tommy stared round the company, cast down the production, overturned his liquor, d——'d the waiters, blasted the bar-maid, danced merrily round the room, and then was proceeding to perform the part of *Hamlet* on the appearance of his father's ghost, when the master of the house ordered his servant to fetch the keeper of *Bethlem*, in order to restore his patient to his proper place, in the company of *Mrs. Margaret Nicholson*.

LUCIFER enjoyed the droll scene with uncommon *eclat*, and, parting from Oliver, returned to his Master's, about half an hour before the return of Tinder, who (his passion being somewhat subsided,) began to talk to our hero in a strain of *eloquence* peculiar to a pragmatical politician :

TINDER.

Where is your *monkey* of a master, firrah !--- Why do you not answer, you young rascal ? Are you as mute as king Charles, when his head fell from the block ?

E

LUCIFER

LUCIFER.

Master is gone with mistress to Margate, to meet *his master*---your *honour and worship*, Sir.

TINDER.

D——n you, Sir, do not *honour and worship* me, you dog,—I am for *equality*, and even you, Sir, may claim *honour and worship* as well as the best king in Christendom.—Had you any hand in translating my manuscript, your *honour and worship*? or was the whole of it marvellously marred by your moon-struck master! Oh! you have a printed copy!

LUCIFER.

Speak of the Devil and his imps appear, as the old saying is. Here comes master, mistress, and your two good friends and coadjutors Captain Firebrand, and Parson Purley.—I must shew them in. [Exit. L.]

TINDER.

Open 'locks, whoever knocks! [Enter the above four.] Are you not a fine fellow to be entrusted to publish an inflammatory libel, Mr. Straw?—Captain I am extremely obliged to you, for your revising with such infinite *care and correctness* my manuscript.

STRAW.

I entirely trusted to Captain Firebrand.

FIREBRAND.

I left it solely to Parson Purley; he is the best grammarian, as well as the purest politician in the world—G—— the Israelite hardly excepted.

PURLEY.

PURLEY.

I looked over the piece, saw it] was perfect,
and kept close to the copy.

STRAW.

The blame must fall upon somebody. Molly;
call in the boy; the second Sandy, as Mrs. Straw,
my dear espoused is pleased prophetically to call
him.

MRS. STRAW.

DID not I say, he was a lad of genius. This
is a wonderful work, and a presage of his future
greatness,

Decreed a high law lord to be, }
Sandy's fly, and Sandy's free : }
Yes; he's the very lad for me. }

[Enter LUCIFER.]

TINDER.

So I find, Mr. Sandy, you are the emendator, cor-
rector, and *Devilifer*—of my book, and be d——'d
to you!—Do you suppose that a little hell-bred
boy, or even a Burke, or a bishop, shall alter with
impunity a book written by the author of *Common
Sense*, firrah?—For a long series of years, have
not I pursued political subjects, both here and in
America? Did not I Tommy Tinder dissolve the
union between Britain and her colonies? Have not
I kindled a fire in France? Am not I elected the
first feeder of the flame, in conjunction with other
worthy patriots in England?—Where is the ori-
ginal?

E 2.

LUCIFER.

LUCIFER

Here it is, most excellent Secretary to the American Congress, who *has* been.

MRS. STRAW.

Member of the *Convention* who *shall* be!

PARSON PURLEY.

Exalted to the *Pillory* who *must* be.

LUCIFER.

With the *Devil* for ever, who *may* be!

TINDER.

By all insulted! Mr. Straw, you may hear from me.—

STRAW.

Do you address *me*, Sir, your best friend?

TINDER.

No; I meant your spouse, Sir.—Only behold what your boy has done here.---I had written ten pages of the most *precious invective* against the *British constitution*, and Sandy makes me declare here---that Britain has *no constitution* at all.

FIREBRAND.

And I took the hint subsequent to your publication: my paper is no more the *Argus* of the *constitution*---but of the *people*.

LUCIFER.

Very well; since we have persuaded the people, that they have now *no constitution*---they will embrace *one* even of *our* framing, rather than have none at all.

MRS.

MRS. STRAW.

My Sandy is a cunny Scot,
Thus aug'ring I have said it,
My muse inspir'd him as he wrote,—
And a bonny book he made it.

It flies abroad on witches wings ;
Ten thousand fiends have read it,
And each infernal fury sings,
O a bonny book he's made it.

Come, come, Mr. Tommy Tinder, fall down on your knees, and cordially thank Sandy for the success of your Rights of Man, the *first* part; nor presume to attempt a *second* without the blessed boy's assistance: for I question if even *Duns Scotus*, or *Creighton* (the man of memory surpassing *Woodfall*) could have lent you such excellent aid.

PURLEY.

Truly we ought all to be thankful, at this critical juncture, for every helping hand in the arduous task of reformation. The harvest is promising, and we need only to pray for more labourers into the vineyard.---Let us one and all become *fishers of men*. Trouble the water, and you cannot cast the net into the wrong side of the boat.

STRAW.

Let us ever keep in our minds the scenes exhibited in the middle of the last century. Like many of that age, we have little to loose, and much to hope for.

FIRE-

FIREBRAND.

Stand stedfast in the good old cause, and we shall see the nobles in chains, and princes in prison. The world is all before us. The fatness of the fields is ours.---Arise, Purley, kill and eat !

MRS. STRAW.

All our's shall be the purple plain,
 The flow'ry field the verdant hill,
 Awake, awake, O Tommy Payne,
 At thy command we cut and kill.
 Awake and bless the hurley burley,
 Awake to give the world new law ;
 O Firebrand, Tinder, Parson Purley,
 And gather gold you never saw.

Thus they in gamesome mood stood scoffing, as Milton has it ; at length Tinder, finding himself inclined to pardon the boy, our hero, for the alteration, or rather the *regeneration* of his book, agreed to employ him a second time ; not now as his amanuensis, but as his muse ; not as his printer's *demi-devil*, but as his sole *dictator*, under the auspices of the fair prophets, to whom Tommy paid no small deference.

TOMMY was now grown quite popular, and more and more thirsted for fame, like the fellow who set fire to the temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*. The plan of the second part being concerted, our hero laid in a large cargo of fresh fuel, ready to touch and take like phosphorus. He caught five hundred

hundred *fiery foxes*, locusts from the infernal pit, prepared for the battle of the great day of Tommy Tinder, and, imitating Samson, tied them tail to tail, in order to burn up all before them.

IN short, the work was quickly completed and sent to the press, which *groaned*, *being burthened* with treason, longing to be delivered. The book at length being brought forth, it was carried to the *font* of captain Firebrand, where it was baptized by Parson Purley, Jack Straw and Lucifer being sponserers on the occasion, and who mis-called it *The Rights of Man Part the Second*.

IF the first book was read by thousands the second was perused by tens of thousands. After it had passed through the world in full glory, it was anabaptised at the *fiat* of Lucifer in council, and, being diminished in *size* but not in *substance*, was thrown up into the air, and waisted on the wings of every wind to all quarters.

IN this manœuvre Lucifer had two ends in view; the first to propagate his principles, even as far as the *gospel* ever spread in the world, and the second was to entrap certain *booksellers* in the Row, whom he had considered aforetime as inimical to his kingdom, by having published *Bibles*, *Prayer-books*, *Bostons*, *Bunyans*, *Practices of Piety* and so forth; though he well knew, that these good books

were abundantly more looked into by *buyers* than read by *booksellers*.

Now all the world indeed wondered at the marvellous works of Tommy Tinder.---The weaver's shuttle ceased its motion, like the sun and moon in *Joshua*. The church clocks forgot to warn the workmen of the approach of dinner-hour; for, lo! their curious regulators were poring over the pages of our leveller.---The hammer of the blacksmith was suspended and the iron on the anvil cooled, before the *taylor's tale* was completed. The pies of the pastry-cook were metamorphosed into cinders, and rendered only fit for the infernals to chew in Pandemonium, on the return of their annual festival.---The nymphs of the *gate* gathered round a cobbler in his stall to hear the Rights of Man, and the downfall of kings, and all supreme rule and order.---The *peeping publican* held in his right hand a tankard of Truman's entire, and in his left the republican pamphlet; nor moistened he his mouth, until the page disappeared which anticipated the crush of kings.---*Ben Balderdash*, the bright brandy-man of the church-yard, forgot his *alligation medial*; dust-men, dray-drivers, fish-fags, and all the frail sisters of the city, heard it read with rapture, and in one general acclame, cried *no taxes! Tinder for ever! Porter for three-pence! and gin for nothing at all!* as it was in the riots of G---n, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

BUT

BUT, behold, amazement not only seized the *small* but also the *great vulgar*. Lords and princes were suddenly alarmed. The Bastile of Paris arose in vision to the sages; the Attorney-General threw out his *ex officio anathema*; the militia were embodied; the strong tower was afresh fortified; and lo! on a *Lord's-day*, an incredible number, not less than one hundred thousand very curious and inquisitive people, proceeded to the hill, which commands a view of that ancient fortress: but what went they to see?—Only a few *old beer barrels* from *Whitebread's Brew-house*, set upright in mud, and a warrior in each of them, peeping through the bung-hole!

THIS peerless publication likewise procured *addresses* from all parts of the kingdom, which were poured plentifully among the politicians from the London Gazette.—These productions, being collected by the *curious*, will compose a volume considerably bigger than the great church bible; and, as Lucifer observed on the occasion, may not improperly be read in all churches throughout England and Wales, with the town of Berwick upon Tweed, on certain days to be appointed by the metropolitan.

ALTHOUGH these addresses failed in conferring the honour of *knighthood* on the *presentors* of the day, they did not miss their aim in procuring pecuniary emolument to the publishers of *Pater-*

F

noster;

nofter ; for, sooth to say, it was needless to lay out much money in advertisements, when addresses and proclamations performed the business to far better advantage. Upon the whole the publication of Tommy Tinder's production proved a prolific harvest, yielding to some thirty, some fifty, and some a hundred fold—But, and a woeful but it is---sometimes *after sweet meat comes sour sauce*---and what is got over the Devil's back, is sometimes spent under his belly.

C H A P. IV.

Lucifer dresses in Sable—his Talk with Peter Fig the Grocer. — Sugar wrapped up in Cartridge — Peter Pindar—Jemmy Taylor, the Miser—his Death—the Overseers of the Frying-pan.

HAVING an ardent desire to visit a certain great man high in office, our hero again applied to his *tall taylor* at the Cock and Magpie, and was fitted with a superb *dear* suit of sable, which enabled him to personate an emigrant *prelate*, lately escaped with his life from France.

IN his perambulation through the city he called at a *great* grocer's in Cheapside, to purchase a few nuts and almonds for his counsellors to crack, and a little tea and sugar to make a comfortable beverage for breakfast, as they had not been much used to such dainties. Indeed such things were not known in England in their days.

HAVING served our hero with all but the sugar, young *Peter Fig*, the shopman, handed him a pound of eighteen penny lump, in a thick piece of coarse *cartridge* paper.—What, my hopeful youth, exclaimed our hero, do you serve your *papa* with a *pig in a poke*, as the saying is? We always do, replied Peter. This is not *bank note* paper said Lucifer, but fit only for the soldier's musquet, and necessarily must weigh almost as much as its contents. What will his grace the duke of Richmond, as master of the ordnance, say to this manoeuvre of engrossing all the cartridge-paper? You are the first who ever took notice of such a *trivial* matter said the pert *Peter Fig*. So much the more pity, replied Lucifer, for I do not like to behold poor *John Bull* thus bereaved of his rights, and I have a good mind to commence his advocate without fee or reward.

THE shop, by this time, was nearly choaked up with customers, most of whom had sugar served them in *cartridge*. Great was the cry in London said Lucifer, proposing to give the lad a lecture

on justice;—great was the cry, I say, when strong beer was raised in its price through this metropolis; it in a manner reminded me of the dismal din in *Egypt* when the first-born of every family fell by the destroying angel. But the advance was no more than a halfpenny per tankard. Now the grocer, the cheefemonger and so forth, charge Johnny just what they please; yet not a murmur is heard from his mouth. Just so, said a bystander, interrupting our hero, just so; for Johnny resembles a hen which is quite easy about her eggs, providing you leave her a nest one, and which may be, for what she cares, a piece of chalk a white stone, or any thing else that is oval or white.

A THIRD customer took up his parable to reform Peter Fig, as follows: John Bull, we will suppose, wants a full pot of beer, he goes to the Three Tuns, the waiter serves him, he peeps into the pot, like “a magpye into a marrow-bone,” as Peter Pindar says. Holo! Ned, come hither—Do you want to give your mistress a new gown to be married in? Bring me a step-ladder to go down, or a pump to drawn up the liquor—But the self same John comes here, receives his quartern in cartridge, like thick paste-board, and not a syllable is said by poor Bull. Paper and packthread, cried a fourth observer, are cast into the bargain, says *Matthew Henry*, as the world is added to those who obtain
righte-

righteousness, but in this case the comparison fails; paper is thrown in to make up the weight.

A FIFTH orator was proceeding to tell a tale of a fellow who had cleared several hundred pounds by paper, since this wrapping up sugar took place; but Lucifer, seeing one of his people passing on the other side, retired without ceremony, crying aloud, as he made his exit from the shop—

By the bright Heaven above, from whence I fell,
This trick did not originate in Hell.

OUR hero about this time, having some leisure time upon his hands, paid a visit to Peter Pindar, the famous poet, and found him in a very pensive mood, complaining of the *damnable piracy* of his poems by some mean mercenaries, to the no small injury of his property. Lucifer promised to look keenly after the rascals, and endeavour to exalt them, some way or other, to the highest pinnacle of preferment. Our hero, before he parted from the poet paid him many compliments; declaring on his honour, that he never read so much sterling wit, mingled with droll humour, in this country; adding, I verily believe upon my conscience, that if some of the pieces, which I could point out, were to be read by the *Ordinary of Newgate* to the prisoners on the scaffold, their sorrow would be much alleviated, and they would depart *laughing* out of the world, and as merrily as *Mac Pherfon*.

OUR

OUR Regal Rambler next proposed to pay a visit to a miserable miscreant in the Borough of Southwark, whom he had frequently seen at the Stock-Exchange during his former residence in London. A few sketches of the character of this poor ghost, shall serve to eke out this chapter.

JEMMY TAYLOR, the miser, was a native of Leicestershire, bred a weaver, and afterwards became a stock-broker. In his days he very dexterously threw his shuttle across the loom, and weaved a *web* worth two hundred thousand pounds. Nor did the most gorgeous garment worn by any eastern monarch, wove in the most marvellous loom in Persia, ever equal this web. Yet it never adorned him; nor kept him warm. The blanket of a beggar would have served his purpose as well. He fared worse than the meanest peasant. His raiment was composed of rags; his food was offal, his bed hard, and his house hardly habitable.

YELLOW *Dirt* was all his desire. His perpetual prayer was, *O Mammon*, more money! and that was the only petition he ever presented, previous to the coming of Lucifer to his unhallowed house. In his last Testament he forgot all his London relations. His *cousin Taylor* of the Borough, and his *nephew* of the *Marlborough*, were equally unremembered in his will. They can say, with aching hearts they can say, "he is gone a long journey, he
" has

“ has taken away the bags of money—and the lord
 “ Lucifer knows where he has hid them.”

THOUGH Jemmy had but little religion in his life, yet he discovered some thoughts of hereafter, at the close of his day. Rather than meet Mammon even with a ladle full of his melted god, he fought to purchase a place above, even where his company could never prove agreeable to its inhabitants. For this precious purpose, he offered twelve hundred pounds to the parish, and entreated our adventurer, who appeared in the character of the curate, to send for that salutary purpose immediately to the overseers in order to strike the bargain.

THESE gentlemen being come, Jemmy, with tears in his eyes, told them, that he had a strong desire to have his name enrolled among those of the other good christians, whose donations adorn St. Saviour's ancient structure. Yes, good gentlemen, said Jemmy, with a sorrowful sigh, I mean to be a bountiful benefactor to your charity. That is right, Sir, cried the curate—charity covers a multitude of sins, and when you go to heaven, your works will fast follow you.

HERE the gentlemen, anticipating a rare feast, beginning to behold the birds and bottle already on the board at the Globe and Frying-pan—very lowly bowed to the mercenary miser, most fervently

fervently praying, that he might never want money, world without end. Amen.

AYE, aye, gentlemen, replied Jemmy, I have spent a whole life in labours of love, wasting my soul to save my substance :—now am I about to loose both, and my poor skeleton body into the bargain. Did you know one *Dunce D—r*, reverend Sir ?

LUCIFER.

You mean my old firm friend Johnny, who used to sweep the plate at the sacrament !

JEMMY.

The same gentleman. I have often promised to remember Johnny in my last will. He frequently comforted my poor heart, when I was both dry and hungry.

FIRST OVERSEER.

He loved the bottle, after preaching at the Half-moon tavern, now and then, along with the justice : then at cards he was an ambidexter indeed :

JEMMY.

Not in that way received I his consolation, but by his *spiritual crumbs of comfort*. Blessed are the poor in spirit—they are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom,—he used to say.

LUCIFER.

And my reverend friend might have added in the words of St. Paul, — *as poor yet making many rich*.

SECOND

SECOND OVERSEER.

I am sure, Sir, you are in the possession of another most precious christian virtue. I mean *self-denial*.

JEMMY.

How does that appear, Mr. *Timothy Tipple*?

SECOND OVERSEER.

I will tell you, Sir: one day as I was gathering the poor-rates, I knocked at your door, when a voice from within informed me, that Jemmy Taylor was not at home.

JEMMY.

Aye; I have always *denied myself* — the blessings of this life, that I might enjoy happiness hereafter.—But I mentioned *Dunce D——r*, chiefly to inform you how much altered the preacher proved in his cups. He once told me, at the Black-Horse, that he believed the *Pythagorean* doctrine of *transmigration*?

FIRST OVERSEER.

I have heard our chaplain say that the author of that system was as little friendly to Butchers, as Jemmy Taylor—for he maintained that it was not right to kill any animal, cow or calf, ox or ass.

LUCIFER.

Left you should murder your own *father*.—What did my friend *D——r* declare you are to be hereafter, Sir, according to his system?

G

JEMMY

JEMMY.

He told me, that before I reached heaven, I should be placed in a situation to see all my two *plumbs*, squandered away in riot, dissipation, and extravagance.—Let me consider. How can that be?—My cousin in the Borough---one shilling.---My nephew at the Marlborough. He is the first *great wit* in the line of *publican politicians*; he must not have too much money,---a shilling! that will be his share.

FIRST OVERSEER.

For heaven's sake, remember *us* poor overseers?

JEMMY.

Then there are my two country relations, who, when I was dying about seventeen years ago, came to town, having spent the last penny on the road, and kindly ministered to me in my affliction; by labouring with their hands, and presenting me many a precious mouthful of such wholesome food as I had seldom tasted,—excepting at a city feast, or parish annual festival.

LUCIFER.

And then they returned, I dare say, loaded with *your* bounty?

JEMMY.

O lack a day, reverend Sir, no, no; I durst not diminish the principal---little more at that time than *one plumb*; all out---at compound interest in the best hands---ten per cent. premium.---So they even trudged back to the place from whence
 2 they

they came, to wait seventeen years more---and I hope in heaven---they will wait much longer!

SECOND OVERSEER.

Pray, Sir, remember *us* poor overseers!

JEMMY.

What did I send to you for, but to declare my intention of leaving the charity.---O, it is a vast sum indeed! but I have made up my mind---and my last will and testament is signed and sealed.---You will, at my departure from this life, discover a donation of no less---than twelve hundred pounds.—O heaven! that money would just, at my wonted rate of living, last me thirty years!

HERE the assumed curate and the two gentlemen, that instant, as at the sound of salt-box and hurdy gurdy, danced round the room, and then fell down by the bed-side, to worship the *golden calf*, which Mammon had made. As soon as they could find utterance, they prayed *extempore*; for why should not a curate and parish officers pray, as well as drink a bottle, without book? — The purport of their prayer was, that the powers above, or below — no great matter which, would be pleased to inspire the dying man that instant, with a resolution to execute his will in their favour; for “now is the accepted time,” cried the curate, by way of collect, “now is the day of donation! Let us all most cordially cry *Amen!*” said Mr. Timothy Tipple, as clerk to his dearly beloved brethren.

JEMMY,

JEMMY, however, was suddenly interrupted by an awful vision at the bed-side. What is this frightful figure this instant added to your number? exclaimed the sick miser, attempting to start from his couch, is your scythe wetted to cut me down, or your javelin aimed at my breast? Spare, O spare me a little longer! Grant me but a few days grace, O thou, king of terrors!

THIS phantom was the eldest son of our Regal Rambler, called up to frighten the miser into a compliance with the desires of his good friends the officers, who now withdrew at the nod of our hero. Jemmy observing, that the *goblin damned* was vanished, ardently implored the gentlemen to renew their prayers for his recovery; adding, dear gentlemen, one thousand two hundred pounds sterling make a founding sum even to a dying mortal like me: but dire necessity demands that *something good* should be done in my last life to demonstrate the sincerity of my devotion. Since what must be—must be;—take the money, twelve hundred pounds now---even now--- and pray for me at church even this hour! Your soul is now certainly safe, said Lucifer.---Then, gentlemen, replied the miser with more emotion than he had before discovered during the visit, --- I humbly hope that you will have no objection to allow the usual *discount*, for prompt payment?

Most

MOST certainly, Sir, replied Tim Tipple. Your demand is reasonable, and it would ill become us, as the officers of the parish, and your servants in particular, not to obey you in all things. Depend upon our joint prayers at church, said the curate, and I will see your pious donation appropriated agreeable to the will of the donor. —Pray most earnestly for my sudden recovery from this illness, replied the poor man, and I may think more of your charity hereafter. You are a christian after my own heart said Lucifer, and retired with the officers.

BUT behold these three brethren departed not with a desire to pray at church, but to grease their chins and crack a bottle at the Frying-pan, out of which Lucifer wished to cast the officers into the fire, for not fulfilling their promise.

WHILST they were regaling themselves with the highest glee, the news arrived of the demise of the miser; death at last having carried his threats into execution, by bestowing the fatal blow on a mean mercenary man; whose best merits resembled one of the worst actions of a dog—a throwing up what he could keep no longer.

IT appears that the rest of the enormous fortune revolved to the two relatives above alluded to; whilst those of his kindred in London, in consequence of being cut off, have altered their religion

gion in one article at least, by *praying* for their dead uncle, as the papists prayed for the souls of *Luther* and *Calvin*.

C H A P. V.

Proclamations—Heroes are alarmed by a terrible noise, and fly away like the Eagle—Dreams and strange Visions—John Bull—Lottery—Battle of Bagshot — Eliza — Fanny Flagel — Ben Balderdash of the King's-arms—Lord G——G——n's Petition to Lucifer.

THE head of the prime minister was not the only one that was filled with proclamations at this period. A certain prince on the continent began to breath forth slaughter, desolation, and many a *woeful* woe, to the inhabitants of *Paris*; confederating with the Northern Hero to carry his proclaimed menaces immediately into effect. *Our* hero hearing this, called a council, and, after several debates, resolved himself to go in person, to inspire the Parisian dames and democrates with a sudden impulse to hurl destruction on the friends of monarchy.

Now chaos came again, and death mounted his pale nag to lead on the horrible hurley burley.

The

The king was besieged—the guards were massacred, murder, and manslaughter prevailed for several days at the fiat of the destroying angel. The boasting princes, mean while led on their legions over the frontiers of France, and were informed that the monarch, whose restoration they aimed to accomplish, was incarcerated in the temple of the capital with his family.

THE besieging invulnerable veterans, now encamped on the plains of Champagne drank freely, without money, or asking the price of the new wines, which threw them by thousands into *purgatory*. At this crisis Lucifer, in the form of the maid of *Arc* at the siege of Orleans, appeared in the camp at midnight, and loudly alarmed the legions of *Austria*. A sudden sound more hideous than that nocturnal noise once heard in the host of *Affyria*, which obliged the besiegers of *Samaria* to abandon their baggage to a few adventurous lepers, threw the whole army into a panic.—Hisings and horrible howlings rent the air, and fancy lent ten thousand scolding tongues of dames and damsels, all Parisian heroines, whilst the dire dismal din of echo from the hills and dales around resounding *Dumourier*, loud as a thousand trumpets, quick as the flashes of the forked lightning of the sky spread terror and dismay in every breast, and bade the heroes recall their thunders. Back to the Belgian mounds they bent their flight precipitate, nor halted they amidst the purple plain,
until

until the walled cities of the Netherlands opened wide their brazen two-leaved gates---to hail the heroes home from conquering France !

It was now time for Lucifer to return to London, which he did after leaving the affairs of Gaul in the hands of the Convention, amongst whom he had the happiness to see *Tommy Tinder*.

ON our hero's return he found that his minister's had well employed their time, Becket and Woolsey had been hovering over the Minister, making his midnight vision present a prospect of danger. In a mystic mirror he beheld Dumourier victorious on the borders of the Stadtholder, and winging his way to Britain ; having already, in this dream, a sole dominion in Hibernia. The *Scheldt* is become a moving forest, the flags are flying to *Antwerp*, as *Birnam-Wood* once moved to *Dunsmine*. To arms ! to arms ! *Bella ! horrida Bella !* becomes the general cry.

THE feeble spark kindled by Tommy Tinder now began to blaze, and all the engines of the law were working to quench the furious flame ; and what the simple operation of *Gulliver* in the beginning might easily have stopped in its spread, now demands the exertion of an *Attorney-General* to extinguish. What late the feeble fist even of a youthful school-boy could have conquered, now requires

requires the embodied bands of the *militia* to master.

The Parliament is met. War is resolved. The *Duke of York* is embarked with his veteran troops. The admirals hoist their pendants on board the floating bulwarks of Britain, and time seems big with some marvelous event.

Well, Master *John Bull*, what do you say to all this preparation?—Proves the sound or grating or melodious to thy ear? Who must pay the *piper*, master John? Is this the new mode of reducing *porter* to the *old* price, Master Bull? A single syllable, or a nod significant, will prove a licence to the sinful publican, rather to *raise* than *fall* his price. *Give the Knave a groat*, cries honest John. Let us have another *Lottery*, cries Lucifer in London. Another Lottery! Yes! exclaim the gambling myriads of the metropolis.

A LOTTERY is the Regal Rambler's grand *Jubilee*. His *unsanctified Sabbath*. His season of sound repose, though a thousand legions of his infernal agents are eagerly employed. He glories in the fight, as at the sight of fire, desolation, havoc and massacre. It is his seed-time. His numerous servants sow the *tares*, and water the noxious weeds; anticipating a glorious harvest, an hundred fold; whilst all the tortures of *Tophet's*
H burning.

burning-pit, are prepared to meet the *laborers*, in this ungodly garden.

AT this remarkable period the most noble master of the *Ordnance*, in consequence of the alarm of war, proposed to prepare his military operations on the plains of *Bagshot*. The camp was formed, the day of battle was appointed, and all the world anticipated more marvellous manœuvres, than those which the heroes of the continent so recently performed. To behold a scene so solemn, London poured forth its myriads. The chariots and the charioteers advanced to the purple plain, eager to behold the warriors preparing for the battle of the great day of the *Duke of Richmond*; nor *Cressy*, *Poitiers*, *Bannockburn*, or *Barnet*, nor the famed field where *Humphreys* or *Mendoza* once warred: nor that where *Big Ben* conquered *Johnson*, could match this heath of *Bagshot*; a heath where many a purse has been demanded by, and delivered to—the sons of plunder.

LUCIFER was on the field, and owned that even the battles once fought in heaven, where not one soul was slain, were not more solemn to a wondering multitude. Chaos reigned, and behold a most heterogeneous mixture of mortals, as at the building of *Babel*. Dukes, dustmen — princes — peers — pawnbrokers — pickpockets, — pimps — poets — parasites — Bucks — bloods — beaus — squires — scavengers — dames — demreps — done-dammes — — publicans. — pastry-cooks — fine folks — fish-

fish-fags—The worthies of Westminster, waving their flags—the weavers of Spitalfields, flying their pigeons : — all kindreds — countries — tongues — taylors—tattlers——Sir Jeffrey Dunstan—the conjurors of Mount Holywell — and a company of marvelling monkeys—which no man could number.

Just so, on the alarm of *Bell* the prophet, when earthquakes and destruction constituted the cry through the metropolis, did London pour her thousands into the fields of *Pancrass*, and the Long-fields behind the duke of Bedford's mansion. But, the case now how different ? then the ladies packed up their dogs and diamonds, but left at home their *horned* husbands. Now at this great *exodus* of Cockneys, the bridge of *Hartford* overflows with *horns*, adumbrating the famous mart of Smith-field !

THE premier appeared *not* in the hostile field ; for he has not been a man of war from his youth, and, at that time, he was taking possession of his *cinque ports* of 4000 *l. per annum*. His *graceless* grace of *Ormond* was otherwise engaged, beneath the pastoral care of the keeper of Newgate, and all the confined sons of *Barrington* loudly lamented their captivity, and *having lost a day so glorious*.

FANNY FLAGEL, the modern *Semiramis*, bolder than *Boadicea* the boast of ancient Britons, and fiercer than *Margaret of Anjou*, rode that day to Staines,

in company with *Ben Balderdash*, and *Timothy Tunbelly*; chusing to leave her horned *Knight* at home. But, behold, at *Staines*, these three, being partial to the brandy bottle, were lulled to sleep by *Oliver*, *Bradshaw*, and *Pym*, and awoke not till the unbloody battle was lost and won. Another London dame that day arrived on the heath just half an hour before the warriors met "with hateful eyes." The fatigue of her journey prevailed upon her to take a soft repose upon the tender grass by the side of the wood, just where, as she was told, the king was. There balmy sleep so embraced this lady, that she lay unconscious of the warring legions, nor all the thunder of the guns and drums could awake the fair one. There she remained till the battle ended, the field was clear, and when awake, she looked around, and saw the empty plain.

BUT she was not long without a companion; Lucifer observed her whilst asleep, as he once beheld the general mother of mankind, and quickly recognized her to be his loving *Eliza* of *St. James's*. After many compliments and mutual careffes, our hero led her to the village where stood her carriage, and the restored inebriated servants, too busily employed to attend the motions of their mistress. *Bradshaw*, at the beck of Lucifer, mounted the box, *Pym* and *Oliver* got up behind, and *Westminster* was the word.

MANY

MANY curious people that day contented themselves with being within hearing of the artillery at the distance of several miles, and saw no more of the fight, than they did of the battle of *Dunbar*; a description of which Oliver gave to Benjamin Balderdash, and his company, who chanced still to rest at the inn, and were as merry as gypsies. Here our hero and the dame Eliza, having regaled themselves, resumed their seats in the chariot. Ben Balderdash begged hard, that Fanny Flagel might mount the box with coachy; proposing himself to attend as a companion a long side the carriage, on his fine bay gelding. — This being granted, Tunbelly mounted his car, and the company proceeded to Hunslow; Balderdash singing:

MY name, Sir, is Ben Balderdash,
 A Yorkshire lad most handy;
 Drive gently on, nor be too rash,
 For we've been drinking brandy.
 Je ho! just so
 Gently jog along, fir;
 For truly we, as you may see,
 Have drank to-day ding dong, Sir.
 Fair Fanny is my *bonum sum*,
 My *Alabi*—I, I, Sir,
 She's all new-milk, and I'm old rum;
 Come jog on, Coachy,—fly, Sir.

HERE president Bradshaw cracked the whip;
 and the horses flew like *Phæton's steeds*; but the ser-
 jeant,

jeant, not being much used to turn a corner, ran one of the wheels foul of a garden wall, which overturning the carriage, threw Balderdash into a ditch; Tunbelly was terribly bruised. Fanny Flagel, being up the middle in the mire, stormed like a fury; Oliver and Pym strove to extricate her from the sad situation, but she swore so loud, that Lucifer ordered them to desist, lift up the chariot, and proceed to town, as Eliza was not in the least injured, by the fall.

BRADSHAW had no sooner resumed the reins but he drove on like Jehu, and just opposite the *gibbet* at Hounslow, overturned *Master Tommy Waddle*, the Pawn-broker at the Golden Balls, and soufed him into a deep ditch. Lucifer laughed heartily to behold his uncle Tommy, wallowing in the mire.

THE company reached London in good order for dinner. Our hero spent the evening with Eliza, after giving the necessary instructions to his agents; whom he met the next morning; declaring himself not a little fatigued with the preceding day's diversion.

A LITTLE packet from *Israel Abraham*, incarcerated in Newgate five full years for two libels, enclosing the following petition was found in the letter-box belonging to Oliver's office in the temple.

To the high and mighty prince Lucifer, son of the morning *Chief Justice in air*, now resident in London, the petition of *Israel Abraham*, humbly sheweth,

THAT your Highness's Petitioner was aforetime a good *Christian*, and of the most reformed and refined part of the Protestant church called Presbyterian, being a *Seceder* from the kirk of Scotland.

THAT having been excommunicated from the establishment, to which he never belonged, by the ecclesiastical court, your Petitioner made a sudden retrograde motion to the ancient church of the Hebrews, by embracing the sacred *covenant of circumcision*, and received a *new name*; now hoping, according to the promises, for the consolation of *Israel*,

THAT the time of your Petitioner's imprisonment being just expired, he has the prospect of being carried up to court to give bail for—his good behaviour during the term of fourteen years, to commence from the date of his emancipation or *Exodus* from a worse than Egyptian bondage, and abundantly more tedious than the Babylonian captivity.

YOUR petitioner, therefore most ardently implores your royal interposition in his favour by
procuring

procuring him bail ; and, as in duty bound, your petitioner will ever pray, &c.

ANSWER ; Lucifer proposes to appear in court, over which he has presided frequently in old times, and offer good bail in behalf of his friend the profelyte.

C H A P. VI.

The Story of Crieghton the Republican Tallow-chandler—He curses the King in his own Tower—is incarcerated in Clerkenwell, tried and remanded.—The Lord Mayor at the Disputing-Club—Takes the Chair, addresses the Orators, is replied to by Lucifer as a Grocer's Apprentice—His Projects.

THAT the Devil will take little before he loses all is a proverb true, however trite.—Lucifer one morning was taking a thoughtful walk along Paternoster-Row, when he chanced to meet a brisk young fellow, though rather a little rustic, who enquired his way to the Tower of London, having a violent desire to see the lions and the other rarities in that ancient citadel ; for,

added the young man, I am lately come from Scotland, and would wish to improve myself.

THEN, I suppose, said the *Regal Rambler*, you are a presbyterian by profession;—Indeed I am, replied the youth, and trust to continue in the true faith. He might be religious by profession, but it appeared that he had brought at least as much money as morality over the borders; for he talked the *vulgar* tongue with tolerable ease, and swore he would not part from our hero without calling at some house to drink a cheerful glass with him.

THIS request being approved, our hero and the stranger adjourned from the Row to an hospitable hotel, where they called for a bottle of Lisbon. The wine being brought, the Caledonian called for a crust. This also being come, Lucifer observed the stranger to begin without saying grace, and strait ordered one of his invisible agents to descend into the heart of the presbyterian, as Jonah did into the fishes belly, or as the Devil entered into the herd, of swine.

OUR youthful stranger now began to discover what manner of spirit possessed him, which suggested a thought in Lucifer, that then was the proper season for passing forward to the Tower.

THE hopeful genius made several shrewd remarks on the new outworks, and raised the laughter

the Regal Rambler, by his republican remarks on government.

ON entering the den of lions, he observed that these savage beasts represented the mighty monarchies of the world, and pointed out most of the modern kingdoms of the earth, as under the tyranny of such sons of cruelty. One of the leopards he called his *unholiness* the pope; a tygres he named *uncomely Kitty*, and in fine he found names for most of the animals as borrowed from the first magistrates in Europe.

THEY were conducted by one of the warders into the department where the crown and the regalia are shewn to the curious, when the fellow found fault with every thing he saw, d——'d the K—g, adding, we have had no king in Scotland since James VI. and by my consent, we shall have none *here* ere long. *Hooly* and *fairly*, cried Lucifer, casting his eye also on the warder; *haud* your northern tongue, and tell your tale to the wind, lad, as your father often told you. Are you the father of this young genius, Sir? said the warder. Yes, Sir, replied our hero, softly—*the Devil you are!* exclaimed the Caledonian. Aye, aye, replied Lucifer—"he is a wise son who knows his own father."

THE good natured warder, after a severe reproof to the stranger, proceeded to shew the other curiosities, but was prevented by a return of several disloyal

disloyal expressions, which could not fail to irritate a man of his profession; who, now leaving his company a few minutes, returned with an order from above, to seize the Caledonian.

UPON his return he found the youthful republican alone, and asleep on a settle, our hero and his agent having fled. Hollo! cried the officer, have I caught you napping? I have read somewhere, that even *Homer* had his *nods* now and then, but not in his Majesty's Tower. *Dinna* be angry, lad, said the young late republican, I have been drinking a *wi*, and I believe the Devil was in me. Like enough, retorted the warder, and you must go with me to be *exorcised*.

So saying, the foolish fellow was forced away, and taken before a magistrate, who hearing the tale of the warder upon oath, was pleased to commit him to Clerkenwell. His hands were bound—he was conducted to prison, and there put in irons for safety till the session, among the common felons.

THE Attorney-general, at the the trial, did not in the least favour his countryman, but opened the indictment with every aggravating circumstance; having, no doubt, respect to the recompence of reward. Bradshaw personated a celebrated counsellor, and opposed the prosecutor with no small success. He called a respectable minister of the Church of Scotland, who produced a *testimonial*,

importing that the prisoner was by trade a tallow-chandler, of a good character, and free from all *church-censure*; having never once in his life mounted the *stool of repentance* in his own country; from whence he was come to improve his business.

LACK-a-day, lack-a-day, cried the prosecutor, he must now ascend the stool of repentance, I fear, for the first time! Did he come to *curse the King*, as *Balaam* went to *Moab* to *curse Israel*? Being convicted, his sentence was, that he should be imprisoned three months in his late situation.

As the officers were conducting him from the bar, the minister whose evidence as to character much softened his sentence, said, the Lord left you to yourself, and you have proved but a *bad keeper*—the Caledonian tallow-chandler replied, I would rather now be left to myself, than be in the keeping of any one else in the world.

THE torrent of topics at this time turned upon politics, and the disputing club in Cornhill was solely employed in debating on Tommy Tinder's *Rights of Man*. As long as these *Ciceros* kept close to religion, adhering either to *Wesley*, *Whitefield*, or *Winchester*—in damning some from, or saving all to eternity—they remained unminded by the magistrates; but launching into the republican pool, and disturbing the water, they entered upon
a sea

a *sea* of troubles, as Shakespear says, whilst least able to take up arms (or *oars*) against it.

Now it came to pass, as the old phrase is, that a certain alderman arose to the prætorian chair, who knew not Tommy Tinder. The same dealt subtilly with the sons of *Cicero*, as we shall see presently.

ONE evening the Lord-Mayor was informed, that an immense number of youthful *round-heads*, all soured with the old leaven of republicanism, and the levelling principles, were meeting at their great theatre of stern debate. In consequence of this intelligence, his lordship dispatched a private officer to espy the goodly generation of orators, who returned with the report. that the house was filled with *apprentice Pym*s and *Journeyman Oliver*s, all masters of elocution. Yonder, said the spy, sits *Parson Prig*, who says his prayers for the King backwards, like the witches; then there is *Luke Loggerhead*, of *Leadenhall*, the libeller; next him sits *Sawney Save-all*, the Baptist satyrst; *Daniel Dinnerless*, the paragraph-writer; and *Cutem Kelly*, the flagelist, who fell with the player from his phaeton, and almost broke the best bone in his body. Then, my Lord, continued the reporter, in the gallery you will behold the members of a certain society, all *Payne's-men*, enemies to monarchy, fishers in troubled water, ripe for *glory*—or the *gallows*, with a world of witnesses all round.

Above

Above all in the chair, sits parson *What-de-call-im*.
I must make one amongst them, said the lord-
mayor, exclaiming, in the words of Rowe :

————— I'll befall

Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion
And vex the quiet world with vain disputes.

By Heaven ! 'tis done in perfect spite to peace !

HAVING given direction to several of his officers to be ready at his call, his lordship repaired to the theatre, and readily obtained an eligible seat in the centre, close to the chair. The question being proposed, the debate ensued, and the arguments on both sides began to grow quite warm. His lordship next, in imitation of *Charles I.* when bent to arrest Pym the round-head, and his abettors, stood up, and said, Mr. Chairman, let me borrow your seat a moment. Being enthroned, his lordship cast off his outward garment, and discovered his prætorian robes, and waving his wand, as a signal for his people to appear, proposed to adjourn the venerable assembly to the *Poultry Compter*. The president and his republican cronies fled, like the money changers from the temple ; the remainder, the greatest part of whom knew not wherefore they were met, like the mob at *Ephesus*, received a proper admonition from his lordship ; who advised them to go home, wrap up their sugar and sugar-plumbs, measure their cloth, weigh their butter, fill their pots, roll up their ribbons, and in fine, keep their *logic* and rhetoric
to

to persuade and charm the customers of their masters to buy their several commodities.

THE servants of the præter, at this instant rushing forward into the centre, the orators were suddenly struck dumb, remaining as mute as so many mackarel, during his lordship's harangue. Soon as the right honourable orator ceased, Lucifer in the form of a grocer's apprentice, attempted a reply, and for some time claimed the attention of the auditory. He said the intent of the society was only to propose, not to impose, a new form of government. Improvements were always received by the wisest in the world, whilst the prejudiced part, by far the most numerous, would for ever be inimical to reformation. This the Regal Rambler illustrated by several examples quite modern. The marvellous *washing mill* of *Beetham's*, continued our hero, has met the curses, execrations, and anathema of all the old laundresses, and young linen drapers in London: what then? Is not its utility apparent to every apprentice in the laundry? Are the caps and aprons of your ladies, gentlemen, to be cruelly tortured and torn by the hands of a drunken washerwoman? An apron, gentlemen, let me tell you, is a garment too sacred to be touched by every hard hand. It is of too delicate a texture, gentlemen, to be touched at all, but with the greatest caution. After the mill, I might mention the mangle, also a curious machine,

for pressing fine linen: but, already, gentlemen, you all know my meaning.

I NEXT proceed, gentlemen to mention the plan of another very worthy, and I trust, a very able projector. A parson belonging to St. Paul, not satisfied with gaining applause by preaching, presumes to borrow immortality from *Geometry*. Gentlemen, he is indeed a very ingenious man. He proposes to throw a bridge over the Fleet-market; leaving all the ladies below to blast or bless their eyes, no matter which, and sell their fish in the regions below, whilst we, gentlemen, walk above from *Sepulchre's* to *St. Andrew's*, without having our ears stunned our eyes blasted, or our limbs broken by bullies, bullocks, or bunters.

MAY I be permitted in this place to hint at a project of my own, gentlemen? Gentlemen, you have all heard, often, I dare say, of the *Duke of Bridgewater's* cuts and canals, part of which run under ground gentlemen. What would you think of adding a large portion of land to this city and Westminster?—I have a plan in my hand, of *such* an improvement.—Gentlemen, from *Blackfriars* to *Westminster* the Thames might be arched over, upon which scite I propose to erect six or seven handsome squares, not in the least inferior to Grosvenor-square, gentlemen, or any other square in the metropolis.

GENTLEMEN,

GENTLEMEN, my name ought to be engraven in brass, and a statue erected to my memory in St. Paul's, for this contrivance. — But I hear some on the other side say — what will become of the poor *watermen*? are these honest fellows, who, like our *ministers*, look one way and row another, to be the invisible workers in a subterraneous cell? God forbid, gentlemen! You must all have seen the city of *Venice*, gentlemen. Its foundation, like that of *Amsterdam*, stands firm upon the water. *Gondolos* and *Gondoleers*, gentlemen, will be then quite visible, in the narrow canal encircling the scite. But I dwell not upon mechanical schemes, but return to politics.

What if some *patriot*, for the common weal,
Should vary from our scheme, new mould the state,
Finish a fabric form'd by *Tommy Payne*?—

To which the new *chairman* replied :

CURSE! on the innovating hand attempts it!
remember him, the villain, righteous heaven,
in thy great day of judgment! Blast the traitor!

HERE the *new chairman* was proceeding to take the young orator into custody, when Lucifer resumed his harangues as follows :

GENTLEMEN, it has been said by those of ancient date, that England is a *Paradise for women*, a *Purgatory for men*, and a *Hell for horses*. How far the two first parts of the apophygm accords

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with

with truth—is not my present purpose to consider, however evident it may appear, that *harlots* and *borns* daily multiply: but of the latter part of the adage, suffer me to drop a few hints, and I shall not be tedious to this *venerable* assembly.

HORSES, gentlemen, have encreased in even a geometrical progression, within this half century. Formerly the *tall taylor*, the six feet broad-shouldered *roller of ribbands*, gentlemen, contented themselves with riding to Brentford, to behold the *three John's*, or walking up to White Conduit-House on a Sunday, to regale themselves with cakes and cyder, or hear *Rambling Rowland* deal out d——n in small quantities; but now every spruce apprentice, every journeyman millener, must have his w——, and his horse, his giddy girl and gilded gig, to fly over the villages in the vicinity of London. This naturally encreases the enormous price of provisions, oppresses the poor, and causes complaints in our streets.

HAS any gentleman here present duly weighed this dread calamity in his mind? I am certain it has often employed my thoughts sleeping and awake; on my pillow, in my walks, eating at an extraordinary, or dining at the *Thirteen Cantons of Switzerland*. What is the remedy?—Gentlemen, it is this: annihilate nine-tenths of the number of these animals, and improve the new-invented *self-moving machine*. Cause all your chariots, curri-
cles,

cles, coaches, phaetons, gigs; all your wains, waggons, carts, and even your ploughs, to be constructed upon the *new principle*, and horses will be as little esteemed—as princes, peers, and potentates appear to be in the National Convention.

THIS, gentlemen, *naturally* leads me to another cause of the dearness of that *staff* of life, without which the young, the old, and middle aged, cannot walk upright, and that is, gentlemen, the universal *use*, or rather *abuse*—of *Powder*. I am not going to decry the use of *gun-powder*, gentlemen: no; do not mistake me: I mean that powder which is cast, in such unnatural profusion, on the hair of ladies and gentlemen.

THIS white powder, as much unknown to the ancients as the use of wigs for women, is fabricated by the perfumer, from the flour of wheat,—wild oats, potatoes, pease, beans, and barley,—and God only knows the immense consumption of this article in England. Let every *caxcomb*—from the powdered peer to the humblest high headed haberdasher, yea, from the King down to the cordwainer, consider the Italian proverb;

The more you powder *Peter's* pate—

The less his dumpling's on the plate.

O FOR the tongue of *Cicero*! O for the abilities of the *Exchequer's Chancellor*! that I might *calculate*

and *exclame*; calculate the number of the barber's pounds of powder, and *exclame* against the *wilful waste*, which has brought on the *woeful want* in this our day and generation!

GENTLEMEN, I will not be immoderate in my calculation of *coxcombs*, *fops*, and so forth. Out of the nine millions of mankind who inhabit Great-Britain, I will only take two millions, six hundred thirty-six thousand, three hundred forty-five. The quantity of powder used on an average I will take at one pound a month, or twelve pounds *per annum*. This will be found far from an exaggeration, when it is considered what is consumed by doctors, dunces, civil and divine, and an infinite number of the great and little vulgar, whose whole consequence is entirely borrowed from the barber. There is Dr. *Cataphlasm*, of Cateaton-Street, seldom has less than *half a pound* at a time poured upon his *sapient pericranium*. I might mention Dr. *Doelittle*, from *Dunstable*—who is daily dressed by the same artist: not to say a syllable of the sages on the bench, or the bishops, counsellors, &c. who every year use a fifty-fold quantity: but, gentlemen, I only take the number and pounds as above specified, and make the total amount to no less than fourteen thousand, one hundred, twenty-three *tuns*, *five hundred weight*, and *fifty pounds*.

I Look round, and behold amazement on every face! I view the clouded countenance of the *new* chair-

chair-man, and with him lament the loss of custards uncounted, dumplings infinite, pies and puddings above all calculation. Gentlemen, the whole labour of the late Albion mills produced not such a profusion of flour :—and—

INDEED, gentlemen, it must be confessed, that one of the component parts of this perfumed powder is taken from the *lime-pit*, or the *chalk-kiln*. This ingredient bestows on it the whiteness of the driven snow, and aptly adumbrates the baldness of winter on the *young boary* heads of our bucks and bloods : but this, gentlemen will afford but a small subtraction from the aggregate above stated.—But to proceed—How venerable appears this beautiful *baldness* amidst our public assemblies ? — I look round—

HERE the orator was called to order, by the chairman, and the whole house bursted into a tumult of wild uproar, — and silence ! silence ! mingled herself in the loud acclame.

THE rest of the company in the mean while found opportunity to discover their *courage*, by running away, like a flock of sheep before the dog of the shepherd, or a collection of cockneys before a bullock, on his return towards his disorderly drivers ; who having maddened him to their own confusion, run away before him like the Devil in a herd of swine.

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* * THE plan of the *projector* who was carried to the compter, contained the following postscript.

I MIGHT mention, gentlemen, my machine which will not be moved *with horses*, but by *sails* like a ship,—This when completed, gentlemen, will cause a reduction of nine-tenths in the enormous number of *horses*. Provision, in consequence, gentlemen, will prove cheap to the poor. Coachmen and carmen will be annihilated, *whip-cord* will not be wanted, except in the *treasury* the army, navy, &c. and London no longer will be held up as a *bell for horses*.—

C H A P. VII.

Tommy Waddle Lucifer's Uncle — Straw seized — by a Stratagem of our Rambler — Waddle run away with by a Lady — Tinder's Trial — Erskine drawn by Asses — Conversation at the Coffee-house in the Temple — The Theatre — Waddle's new Wife and Lucifer — Gazette Extraordinary — Proclamation.

HAS the rain a *father*? cried holy *Job* in Chaldea. Has the *Regal Rambler*, an uncle? says unholy *Lucifer* in London. The resolution of the last question will appear as follows:

OUR

Our hero, whilst in the body, is obliged to submit to many of the miseries of man. Indeed the unbounded extravagance of his agents, and their exorbitant charges for *secret services*, reduce his finances sometimes so low, as to claim kindred with Mr. *Tommy Waddle*, the *cent. per cent* genius, whom we lately left in the mirey clay at the bottom of a ditch, adjoining to the gibbet on Hounslow Heath.

YES ; Tommy, at the three Golden Balls, is the uncle of Lucifer, and frequently the sole regulator of his golden repeater — the safe keeper of his buckles, and even of his best breeches into the bargain.

ONE evening as our hero was in Tommy's snug little box, borrowing a couple of pieces, to pay a score at the *Devil Tavern*, he happened to hear the tuneful tongue of his quantum employer, *Master Jack Straw*. He knew not before that he was so nearly related, according to *interest* ; but he had not much time to felicitate himself on so auspicious a discovery, before two ruffian looking fellows came into the main shop, crying aloud,—here he is ! this is him !—the man proclaimed with the captain, in the London Gazette, an hundred pounds reward—hold him fast. Collar him ! else he will be away before you say your paternoster, damme !

HERE

HERE our hero went round to the sale-shop, and beholding his old master thus maltreated, and seeing the thief-catchers proceeding to drag him away without bail or mainprise, quickly returned to his box, borrowed a suit of sable, and by his skill surpassing necromancy, personated his attorney master so well, that the rascals knew not the one from the other.

I AM the person you want, exclaimed Lucifer; you have pursued me all the way from Margate. The post-master, who by this time had made his appearance, offered immediately to swear before *Tommy Waddle*, that our hero was actually the attorney whom he had followed from his town; but Tommy the uncle, told him, that he was not a magistrate, and therefore the use of yea and nay would be enough. They then instantly sneaked away, not knowing which of the parties to pitch upon.

JUST at that instant came in Tommy Tinder, arrived from France in order to be privately present at his own trial on the morrow at Guildhall; having called to borrow such a decent suit as would render him less conspicuous; as he cared not to be known by every body in court.

MEAN while a lady's footman came in, [to order uncle Waddle to look out a fine pair of stays for his mistress, who was in her coach at the door. Waddle, willing first to accommodate the dear
 3 creature,

creature, soon found a superb pair, and carried them to the coach door; when the lady, without ceremony, begged him to get up to the carriage to try them on.

TOMMY WADDLE was too much a man to refuse the fair one so small a request. He suddenly ascended, but did not so soon return; for the lady, the moment he entered the vehicle, ordered her coachman, who was ready and had his lesson, to drive on.

NOR did our uncle Tommy return till he had taken out a *licence*, and *married* the lady, which was the next morning? and, as the song says, “ *a bonny bride he made her.*” On their return from the altar of Hymen, Tommy found our hero behind the counter, in *propria personæ*, serving the customers his *cousins*, with as much punctuality as if he had served his apprenticeship to a pawnbroker. Indeed, it must be owned that in him originated all or most of the *mysteries* in that trade.

NEXT day the Regal Rambler, accompanied by Straw and Tinder, called at Guildhall, where Lord Kenyon sat upon the King's Bench; before whom, and a special jury, came on the trial of the incendiary, author of the *Rights of Man*, written by Lucifer.

THE Attorney General, rapidly rising to the pinnacle of preferment in the law, eagerly prosecuted the defendant, and produced a letter, said to be the production of Tinder, and so it was proved; but

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which

which in fact was written by no less a personage than our adventurer.

MR. ERSKINE very well replied to the charge, but, soon found, that these days are not like those when *Wilkes* and *Liberty* prevailed; when *Junius* wielded his weapon of war, and the jury would not easily say guilty. *Erskine* lost the cause of his client, and the favour of his *patron* the prince; but gained the applause of the mob, who drew his chariot in triumph through the city with loud acclamations; crying, *Erskine for ever! D——n P——ne and Popery! equality for ever! GOD SAVE THE KING!*

OUR Rambler followed the pick-pocket procession to the Temple, and stepped into a coffee-house to read the *Evening Star*, where he met his old friend counsellor M——y, the *Auditor* in the days of *Wilkes's North Briton*, and also the author of several popular plays. This gentleman, like his contemporary Mr. Macklin the comedian, appeared to be on his last literary legs. He had just written a paper, called *one pennyworth of truth*, which he drew from his pocket, causing his clerk to read it in company.

HE apprised the auditory, that the paper about to be read had recently been deemed a *libel* on the *dissenters*.—The clerk recited, the author commented; instructing the reader in the manner of *Bayes* in the *Rehearsal*, as he went on; often overacting his part, to the diversion of the assembly.

TRULY,

TRULY, Mr. M——y, you are an excellent *markf-man*, exclaimed a bystander, in a clerical habit;—like the *Syrian-soldier*, you draw the bow at a venture, and smite the *democrates* between the joints of the harness: nay you are equal to his grace of *Canterbury* in the reign of the first *Charles*, who being a buck-hunting, shot a deer, and the *park-keeper*—into the bargain.

THE author of the hand-bill, for the essay was nothing else, turned round to our hero, who, during the sermon and commentary seemed to be very attentive, and desired to know his opinion of the piece. Lucifer arose, and thus quoted the words of a court parasite in the reign of *James I.* “As the sun in the firmament appears to be no bigger than a *platter*—and the stars as so many *little augur-holes*, made to emit light from the new Jerusalem, or so many *nails* in the *pummel* of a *saddle*, because of the enlargement and disproportion of the object; so there is such an unmeasurable distance between the deep resolves of a *premier*, and the shallow apprehension of common ordinary people, that, as they will ever be judging and censuring, so they must needs be obnoxious to error.”

RIGHT, Sir, replied the pleased counsellor, calling for a tumbler of wine and water; I suppose, all the gentlemen in this room have seen the grand *gridiron*, called the *Escorial* in *Spain*?—I have seen the *Goose* and *Gridiron*, in St. Paul's Church-yard, replied a little limb of the law in the corner.

I do not mean that, said the author, but that *superlatively superb* one, the *handle* of which forms a *palace* for the king, and grand houses for all the royal family : every bar forms a double row of cloisters for monks innumerable, and the vacancies between, constitute oblong courts, in each of which *fifty coaches* may roll side by side.

GOOD Lord deliver us ! exclaimed a deformed attorney who sat in the next box—that is large enough to broil ten thousand martyrs at once, besides *St. Lawrence*. Yes ; sir, retorted the author, but what must that appear to a spectator, *Lunardi*, for example, situated many miles above the structure ? Why, it would be like a common *little gridiron* on which you broil your *sprats*.

EXACTLY so, said Lucifer, does the imperfect vision of a modern reformer behold the *constitution* of this kingdom, and a certain republican has recently attempted to persuade the people, that we have *no constitution at all*. Can a *fly* perched on the dial of a clock, account for the motion of the index ? What would a *Liliputian* think of St. Paul's cathedral ? What would a *Brobdingnagian* say to the same fabrick ? The former would suppose it to be an *universe*, the latter would pronounce it a *pepper caster*.

So saying, our Regal Rambler bowed to the company, and withdrew from the room. In the street he happened to accost master Tommy Waddle and his new married spouse, as going to the play, to see

The Devil on Two Sticks. Uncle Tommy requested his kinsman to attend him to the theatre, to which he agreed, and a coach being called at Temple-Bar, they soon reached the house. Lucifer laughed at the performance, though the *Devil* was not so well done as he had been by *Sam Foote*; whom our hero had often beheld with admiration in that character, after having caused his horse to qualify that humourist for the performance.

CERTAIN of the scenes, however, attracted the attention of the hero of the three balls, much more than many other parts of the play; but his fair espoused all the while was perpetually peeping at Lucifer; who returned her delightful ogling, in a manner not to be misconstrued by a lady of her knowledge of men.

During the droll examination of *Dr. Last*, by the President, Tommy beheld himself in a mirror, as the motto over the stage imports, and saw in the probationary *sutor* a Master Waddle, the usurer, bleeding the *parson like a pig*, and cutting radically the *corns* of his customers: yes, Tommy ever glories in the appellation of *Empiric*.

IN the scene which represents the storming of the college, the little pawn-broker was absent from the body, and present in the hurly-burly of the doctors. Lucifer beheld his rapture, and resolved to embrace the offered opportunity of withdrawing with Mrs. Waddle to an adjoining hotel. There they regaled themselves

themselves a convenient season with cakes, wine, and so forth to the end of the chapter, and actually returned and resumed their situation, before the attentive Tommy awoke from his enchantment.

WE should first have mentioned the play, for the *Devil* was only the entertainment, and that was the *School for Scandal*, written by a certain *popular Senator*. The whole of it delighted Waddle, especially the character of *Moses the Jew*. Mrs. Waddle seemed peculiarly delighted with the part of *Lady Teazle*, and enjoyed the scene between her and *Joseph Surface* with no small pleasure, till the discovery behind the screen; when the exclamation of Charles and that of Sir Peter.

Ch. Lady Teazle by all that's wonderful !

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable !

Surprised her with a fainting fit, from which Lucifer strove to recover her ; saying, Lady Waddle, by all that is heavenly !

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

At a *Council* held in the Inner Temple,

January 22, 6845.

Present *Lucifer son of the Morning*.

His Regal Highness has been pleased to promote Tommy Tinder to the high office of incendiary general in France, Ireland, and so forth.

His Royal Highness has also been pleased to appoint Peter Pimpley his Poet Laureat, in the room of Dickie Daftyle, lately drowned in a barrel of brandy
by

by Benjamin Balderdash, at the King's Arms, facing Houndsditch.

His Regal Highness has been pleased to promote the Rev. Dr. *Lemuel Leveller*, to be one of his Highness's chaplains in ordinary.

A PROCLAMATION.

L. REX.

WHEREAS our trusty and well-beloved cousins and counsellors of the *National Convention*, in our confused kingdom of Gaul, of their great *wisdom* and *humanity*, having decreed the death of *LOUIS XVI.* and without the usual form of a regular trial, by a majority of five voices, the loudest of which was that of our dearly honoured friend *Egalite*, a near relation of the prisoner, and nearly allied to us by the bonds of *enmity*; and in consequence of their dread mandate, by us ratified and confirmed, have actually *butchered* him, their natural sovereign, the said *Louis XVI.* on a public scaffold in the face of his people, without being allowed the time for preparation usually given even to the worst of criminals; it is our regal will and pleasure, that the same most memorable event be celebrated by the observance of a *general Jubilee* throughout all our dominions; of which all the republicans, roundheads, fifth monarchymen, levellers, and all the foes of order, law, religion, and humanity, are commanded by this our regal proclamation to take notice, on pain of our highest displeasure.

AND

AND whereas we, by the advice of our privy-council, have dispatched our messengers to our infernal regions to announce to our princes, peers, powers, thrones, also to all our inferior governors, agents, and their subaltern officers, the joyful news of the above glorious event, we strictly charge them to remove, or cause to be removed, the sable pendants of Pandæmonium, and the darkling tapestry from the walls of the pit, and that every demonstration of merriment be afforded by all the inhabitants of hell, in perfect and complete unison with their younger brethren, above alluded to.

GIVEN at our court at London this thirtieth of January, in the year of our infernal reign six thousand, eight hundred, and forty-five, under our hand and seal, signed by command of LUCIFER,

O L I V E R.

C H A P.



Chap: VIII.



*What pity thy Combustibles were bad!
How death had grinn'd delight, and
Hell been glad.*

C H A P. VIII.

The Devil goes by Water to Westminster, in Company with Dr. Lemuel Leveller, his Chaplain — The Waterman — Tales — The Sermon before the Commons — The Bishop's Discourse epitomized — The Conventical — Charles the First — L. G. G. in Court — His Hat taken off — His Remonstrance, and learned Dissertation on Head-coverings. The Speech of Lucifer — the Catastrophe.

OUR Rambler resolved to attend the anniversary service at the commemoration of *King Charles's* martyrdom, both at *St. Margaret's* and the *Abbey*, to hear what the *chaplain of Dom. Com.* and the *bishop of St. David's* had to hold forth concerning the late catastrophe in the neighbouring nation.

ACCORDINGLY he took water at the *Temple-stairs*, in company with his own new chaplain, the *Rev. Lemuel Leveller*. The waterman was a very faucy fellow, as most of these *Billingsgate* brethren turn out to be, and in the vulgar tongue might well be deemed an overmatch for *Lucifer* himself.

OUR hero taking a bottle of rum from his side-pocket drank to the Doctor, and the fellow looked at it as wishfully as the *Frenchman* in *Harlequin's Invasion* when his visitor in prison drinks *speedy execution* to him.—We have never a glass answered the Doctor,—my mouth is as clean as your——, said a

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fresh

fresh water son of Neptune ; adding after a loud laugh, and an indecent curse, we cannot all afford glasses, masters ; Lord help them that *must* drink *extempore*—by word of mouth, my bold masters.

THE Doctor again sipped a good mouthful, like *Mrs. Cole* in the Minor, and returned the bottle to his patron ; who, after again tasting the good creature, gave it to the fellow, with a d—n into the bargain. Here is a health to all the rich, exclaimed the watermen, for the poor can beg or go to the workhouse, and the wealthy are above both, my jolly masters. So saying, he quaffed the rest of the rum, and tumbled overboard that instant ; well nigh overturning the Devil and Doctor, at the same time.

THE fellow, who was now well qualified for being a *Water-Bailiff*, as he afterwards vociferated, swam to shore ; leaving Lucifer and his chaplain to row to Westminster, as well as they could.

THE Speaker had taken his seat at St. Margaret's church previous to their arrival, and the curate was reading the first lesson, *How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!* just as our auditors entered their pew. The service to the doctor being tedious, on account of its extreme length, Lucifer told him two little tales to beguile the time, as follows :

A preacher at Salter's-Hall, one Sunday morning giving out his text from *Isaiah*, "Wine and milk,
without

without money, and without price," was aptly answered by a milk-woman of the court, in the hearing of the people—*milk above, my pretty maids!*

THE curate of St. Catherine Cree, one morning on a holy-day, was reading in St. *Matthew's* gospel of the miracle of the loaves, was just audibly reciting the words *two small fishes*, when one of the beauties of Billingsgate cried aloud, my dainty *live cod!* which so attracted the notice of some of the congregation, that they went out to St. Mary-Axe, and became customers.

At last the chaplain of the commons ascended the rostrum, and preached a sermon suitable to the occasion; touching the late murder in France with no small ingenuity; and although the discourse in general operated against the principles of our *Rambler* and *his* chaplain, yet in the whole assembly there appeared none more attentive and struck with sympathy; the Speaker himself, the Premier, Edmund the *Confessor*, and Mr. Dundas, not excepted.

SERMON being over at St. Margaret's, our adventurers repaired to the *Abbey church* of St. Peter, where they had an opportunity of renewing their Stories to divert their minds, during the repetition of the melancholy service.

BUT, behold here was no room in the pews or stalls for our sermon-hunting heroes. Lucifer, invisibly mounted the pulpit before the bishop, and surveyed,

himself unseen, the peers and prelates; the new Lord Chancellor at the head of the former, and his grace of Canterbury presiding over the latter. Ah! little did the *preaching prelate* think that he had our Regal Rambler at his elbow; though it was observed by many that, when he ascended, his seat was but uneasy, as it was some time before his lordship could stand in a posture agreeable to his wish.

LET every soul be subject to the higher power, was the text, from Paul to the Romans, which when first written included even *Nero that incarnate demon*. Lucifer, upon hearing the words read, suggested that they are now applicable to himself, whom one author calls *the prince of this world*, and another the *prince of the power of the air*. We mean not to report the arguments of the bishop in favour of monarchy, drawn from its *antiquity*, as he advanced nothing new on the subject, much less to present his striking picture of the present miseries in the neighbouring nation, or his pathetic apostrophe on the murder of the late king. We only wish the preacher had reminded the mixed multitude which composed his auditory—who the *personage* was to whom Britain could chiefly lay the *blame* of the *dismemberment of America!*

THE preacher concluded his sermon, which was uncommonly long for a bishop, with an *eulogium* on the established church. To prove that she is truly *catholic*, he depicted her tenderness in embracing the crowds of emigrant priests, who lately have found an asylum in this metropolis. Be it remembered,

said Lucifer, that the protestant preachers prior to the Revolution, execrated *such*—as the sons of *Babylon*; who were well represented in the *Apocalypse*, as the *locusts from the bottomless pit*—whose *stings are in their tails*.

“BUT can we equally embrace those who are of our own nation, our false brethren?” meaning the dissenters. No; my Lord, whispered Lucifer; they are *farther* removed than *papists*,—The preacher proceeded; “their spots are not the spots of our family”—Deel care, said Dr. *Leveller*, loud enough to be heard by his patron—for we are of a better family—even the Lord’s children.—“They are in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity”—continued the bishop—“can we receive them into our communion?” No, said our hero, unless it may be to qualify them for places at court, or to bestow *grace* upon them, to the end they may be prepared—to *gage beer barrels agreeable to the Test Act*.

THE representation of the death of his *almost* Christian Majesty, drew tears from several of the bishop’s brethren, and many of the common congregation. Lucifer intended to have made his visible appearance in order to counteract all that the preacher had done, when the solemn *dirge* commenced, and defeated his purpose. He therefore contented himself with returning to his chaplain, and adjourning to the temple.

AFTER dinner they dropped into a *conventicle*, where there is a weekly lecture on the Wednesday evening,
and

and where they heard a sermon—on the *other side* of the character of *Charles the First*. It would seem, that this monarch's character was like the *cloud* between the *Israelites* and the *Egyptians*; having a *bright* and a *dark* side. The text was; *I gave them a king in mine anger, and took him away in my wrath.*

THE virulent orator took occasion to depict the character of Charles in colours the most unfavourable to the human sight. He said; whatever the profession of this *hypocrite* was in the establishment, he was a true son of *Antichrist*. To prove this he read a letter which was written by him, when prince of Wales, to Gregory XV. during his negotiation with the *Infanta* of Spain, in answer to an epistle from his *unholiness*.—The preacher, without the least regard to propriety or connection, added, “the tyrants of the *Stuart* family have, at *this time*, a fine *bolyday*, as all the infernal fiends and tormentors have for a while forgot their charge; being either engaged in the *National Convention* in the adjacent kingdom, or employed at London, in the appearance of *emigrant recusants*, to carry us all back captives to *mystic Babylon*.”

WE have already presented our readers with a *petition* from the *Israelite* indeed, relative to *bail*, the day of his appearance came, our hero attended, and the records of Westminster were produced.

BUT

BUT previous to the reading of the statutes and the judgments which impowered the judges to imprison the captive, the clerk of the court cried with a loud voice, lord G—— G——, *take off thy hat!* — In return the Hebrew proselyte answered not a word, but stroked his beard, as a signal for Lucifer to hide himself behind his *cubit of carrots*, as in the *burning bush*, or like the children in the *fiery furnace*.

THE clerk then asked the Jew whether his hat was *nailed* or *glued* to his head? With a nail in a sure place, replied the *convert*, but not that with which *Jaël* slew *Sisera*. “It is likely to hold,” replied the ready writer; for your head, my lord, is of the most *solid substance*: be it remembered, replied *Israel Abraham*, again stroking his bushy beard, whilst *Lucifer* was peeping at the bench through his lordship’s fingers,—be it known, I say—that the more *solid* the substance, the more *capable* it is of receiving a *fine bright polish*.

THE officious cryer of the court interposing, advanced and removed the head-covering of his lordship; on which he entered a protest, and called upon the spectators to bear testimony to the violence; mean while taking a night cap from his pocket, he put it on his head—in the manner of a serjeant at law when he exclaims—“I think I spy a brother!” Over the cap the Hebrew tied a napkin coloured like the lily and the rose, and then, again stroking his beard and its contents, looked like *Aaron* when he
made

made the *golden calf*, saying; *these are thy gods O, Israel!*

THE Chief Justice resumed his seat at that instant, whilst wonder and risibility prevailed when our modern *High Priest* after the order of *Margaret Nicholson*, accosted him with—"would your lordship have ordered my *hat* to be taken off, if you had been in court, when I first appeared?" "I certainly should," replied the judge. Upon this Lucifer in the beard thus began an oration, appearing to proceed from his pupil:

"BEGINNING with *Moses*, my Lords, I might point out many passages in the *Pentateuch*, in which the *head-coverings* of the *Elders* are deemed like *Mount Zion*, which cannot be moved. It is said in *Exodus*, pull off the shoes from thy feet, for the place where thou standest is *holy ground*. If this court could be reckoned *holy*, I would say with *David*, "over *Edom* will I cast my *Shoe*."

"The other historical books in the bible will amply furnish your lordships with many very striking instances of the *immobility* of the cap. It is positively affirmed by *Abraham-Ebenazar-Maher-Sbalal-Hasb-Baz-Lo-Ruhamah*, in his dissertation on the *Talmud*, that *Solomon* himself declined moving his *hat* to the *Queen of Sheba*; who came from a far country to see his wisdom, and to puzzle him, as the gentlemen of the long-robe, at the bar, do your Lordships, with *hard questions*.

I WELL

“ I am WELL aware, that my prosecutor often has read the *Bible* when a boy in Scotland, and therefore need not mention what *Job* and his *cross-examination* friends said upon this *important* subject.

“ THE keepers of the wall or, as it might be rendered, the *keeper's of the court*, took away my *Veil* from me, says the *Song of Songs* which is *Solomon's*. *Isaiah* is still more bold, and to him, as translated by *Dr. Lowth*, I humbly refer your Lordships. *Jeremiah* laments that the crown had fallen from his head; meaning that his *covering* was forced off, by the king of *Babylon*, *without his consent*.—The lesser prophets speak *pathetically* upon this *alarming point*; What was the gourd of *Jonah*—but his head covering? I assure your Lordships, that this cholaric prophet was no less displeased, than I am now, when it was taken from him.

“ THE New Testament, my Lords, is much more to my purpose. *St. Paul* rebukes the *High priest*, in the Sanhedrim, as your Lordships may see in the *Acts of the Apostles*, in language at once most poignant and prophetic, for *knocking his bat off*, by a violent blow of his *fist*, in the assembly;—but according with my present principles, I cannot with propriety quote the four *Gospels*, nor any of the *Epistles*.

“ To sum up the whole argument in one word, what shall I say of *Samson*, my Lords, whose force failed him, when that saucy harlot *Madam Delilah* removed his hat, and cut away his locks into the bargain?

" WHY thus, my Lords, should it be thought less important in me, to have *my head uncovered*. My tongue forgets its eloquence, and even cleaves to the roof of my mouth."

THE Ifralite convert, being interrupted in his argument on the hat, informed the court that he held in his right hand, which had not yet forgot its cunning, a bank note of five hundred pounds, which he had borrowed to pay the fine imposed on him by the court in his sentence.—Our MS. does not inform us whether or no the court received the *money*; but it refused his *bail* for security, and remanded him to the place whence he came, and it is thought that he will enter more minutely into the argument, on his next appearance in court.

THE Regal Rambler now beholding his most sanguine hopes crowned with joy, again called a council of his trusty emissaries, to apprise them of his speedy return to *Pandæmonium*, where, according to recent advice received by him, his imperial presence was indispensibly necessary. He was pleased to address them in an oration to the following purport.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

" You are all now fully satisfied that the period foretold by ancient augurs, and so inimical to our kingdom, appears yet at a distance not to be seen by the eye of an angel; I mean the grand *Millenium*, in which our person will be bound in chains of adamant for a thousand years.

"CAST your eyes over Europe; behold the bloodshed, and slaughter in the neighbouring nation, the treasons, massacres, and murders in every province of that distracted land, and say, are these the signs of that anticipated *era* of a general revolt from our allegiance?

"THE pleasing prospect of the prevailing vices of the day, the scepticism, immorality, prophanity, luxury, riot, and irreligion among the great and small vulgar of this kingdom—at once happily surprise, and rejoice you.

"BE it your constant care, during my absence, to cultivate the principles of these glorious emanations of our *royal mind* in the rising generation.

"I HAVE, with diligence the most unwearied, striven with all my might to seduce the ministers of state from their integrity; sorry I am to say, that I have discovered them to be as perfectly invulnerable to my attack, as the hearts of their virtuous master, and his royal family. Yet let us not entirely despair, so long as a *public lottery* shall be annually held up to provoke the people to emulation in gambling; a vice which never yet failed to produce my people a happy harvest, as it has ever proved the most prolific season for my *cunning conjurors* of *Mount Holywell*, our dearly beloved *uncle Master Tommy Waddle*, and his usurious brethren, our kind kinsmen of this kingdom, according to the flesh.

CONTINUE

"CONTINUE, O, my lords and gentlemen, above all things, to see the *Sabbath-day* observed agreeable to our mind. In this indeed, at this period, I have but little cause to complain. *Routs, card-playing, and meetings of merriment* are held by the great—the polite, whilst the little sinners content themselves with sitting in the low ale-houses, and desiring no sermons but those preached by publicans. Many of the shops indeed on that day are shut; but the streets are lined with fruit-stalls, and the avenues to the great city exhibit a *vanity-fair*, for a *Bachanalian* band of b——s; appearing to present a perfect transcript of the old *Book of Sports*, which was piously compiled by James I. and revised by his son Charles, in opposition to our enemies of the last century.

"THE abolition of the *slave-trade* must ever meet our firm and united opposition. Be careful therefore that all the arguments drawn from religion and reason against that traffic in human blood be stifled by your sophistry. You have many fast friends among the clergy in the church, but not one whom I know, among the dissenters, save Mother Martin, in Grafton-Street.

"RAISE riots! sow the seeds of sedition. Strengthen the potent arms of the patriots, Let Tommy Tinder, and his disciples ever meet your esteem and steady support."

So saying the Regal infernal looked up and beheld a sublime beautiful temple, raised on a rock which appeared

appeared invulnerable to a three headed monster emerging from the ocean. The two elegant columns which supported a triumphal arch, were ARISTOCRACY and DEMOCRACY. The key-stone of the curious curve adumbrated MONARCHY in the royal diadem, from which the sword of Justice hung by a hair over the head of an arch incendiary; whose arms, like those of Sampson, were outstretched to remove the impregnable pillars from their firm foundation. On the summit of the arch a voracious vulture was winging its way to the coronet.

LUCIFER looked, and lo, on the beautiful bow which adorns the sky, he saw descending the Seraph of *Peace*, as the Guardian of Britain and her glorious *Constitution*.—At the sight the Friend suddenly fled with all his ministers of misery. On the devoted head of the traitor the two-edged sword instantly fell;—the deformed Monster *Equality*, sunk into the sea; and order and harmony resumed their reign within the watery mounds of Albion.

T H E E N D.

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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

MARY DE-CLIFFORD.

A STORY.

Interspersed with many POEMS;

And embellished with Two Elegant Vignets.

Mihi parva rura, et
Spiritus Graiae teneum Camænæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
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